

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—TOTAL COLLAPSE OF TWO INHABITED TENEMENT HOUSES, NOV. 9TH.—EFFORTS OF THE POLICE AND FIREMEN TO EXTRICATE MRS. MINNIE HILL FROM THE RUINS.—SEE PAGE 215.

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55, 56 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

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CAUTION.

Information comes to us from different parts of the country that agents claiming to represent the Publishing House of Frank Leslie, and the firm of "Frank Leslie & Co.," are collecting subscriptions for various publications. We again distinctly warn the public that the Publishing House of Frank Leslie (of which Mrs. Frank Leslie is the sole proprietor) has no traveling agents, and that there is no such firm in this city as Frank Leslie & Co. All persons using the name of the Frank Leslie Publishing House, under any modification or in any form whatever, in the business of soliciting subscriptions, are impostors, and as such liable to punishment. The public should understand that the only genuine Frank Leslie publications are issued from 53, 55 and 57 Park Place, and that all so-called Frank Leslie publications represented by traveling agents are counterfeits.

REVOLT AGAINST "BOSSSES."

THE elections of last week show that the people are getting tired of Bossism. We do not mean to imply that they are not always tired of it, for impatience of such impudent domination must be the normal condition of every citizen of a republic; but this impatience, usually sluggish and passive, has developed into vigorous revolt.

All along the line Bossism has received a staggering blow. The insubordination of the people against those who assume to be their masters has shown itself in almost every State where elections were held on the 8th instant. In Pennsylvania the machine Republicans were taught a lesson which they will not soon forget. Wolfe, the independent candidate for State Treasurer, received some 48,000 votes, coming within a few thousand votes of defeating the regular Republican candidate and giving the State to the Democrats. It was a narrow escape for the Republican autocrat, and if they fail to profit by the warning, they are likely to meet with disastrous overthrow at the polls next year. For the political insurgents are so much encouraged by their unexpected exhibition of strength that they are promptly organizing to capture the Governorship. These "off years" are most wholesome seasons—they keep parties from stagnation, and enable the people to rise against their masters and reclaim their liberty.

In Virginia, Bossism is completely swept away. The Bourbons are defeated, and the Readjusters, full of hope, new purposes and fresh blood, have elected the Governor and Legislature by a good round majority. The chief significance of this lies not so much in the revolution immediately effected as in the fact that it is a political reconstruction of Virginia for years to come and a settlement of her great financial problem—not on the best basis, but definitely and finally. The new Legislature will have the appointment both of a United States Senator and of the Judges of the new Court of Appeals; and, as Republicans unanimously supported the victorious ticket, it is possible that a member of President Arthur's Cabinet may be called from Virginia. Every way it is a complete and utter overthrow of the Bosses.

In Wisconsin a revolt against the Republican "machine" came very near diverting enough votes to give the State to the Democrats; and in Maryland, on the other hand, enough Democrats were disgusted with their Bosses to swell the Republican strength in the Legislature quite materially.

The victors in New York, from city to city and from county to county, seem to have been almost uniformly those who were in rebellion against the machine. New York Republicans discarded it last Winter; but several Stalwart candidates for the Legislature, in Brooklyn and elsewhere, were defeated because of the ostentatious championship of the dethroned Boss. In Brooklyn the Ring, thought to be invincible, was broken all to pieces, and a Mayor elected by a union of the independents of both parties, pledged to investigate and expose its frauds and punish its crimes. The success of their candidate was rendered the more surprising by his bold avowal that he would not give a dime towards securing his own election, and that he would not reward, with office or otherwise, the services of those who worked for him. In New York City it is rather phenomenal that John Kelly holds his own amid the chaos of fractured Rings; but this result is largely attributable to the feeling that the County Democracy is quite as much the creature of Bossism—of a different sort, may be, but not less pernicious. In the Fourth District a young man of

twenty-five suddenly emerged from obscurity, nominated himself for Civil Justice, and beat the regular candidates of both the old parties. That personal amiability which leads to hand-shaking may have done something for him, for a morning paper says: "Yesterday his right hand was poulticed to relieve the swelling;" but his success is mainly due to the revolt that is in the air, which makes this year peculiarly favorable to machine-smashing.

In New Jersey the same spirit prevailed, with the same satisfactory result. In several important localities, where "railroad kings" have always hitherto ruled, the people rose to resent their dictation, and elected anti-monopoly legislators pledged to honesty and fair-play.

Insubordination was let loose this year. There has been a righteous shaking up. The Bosses will hereafter be more respectful. The shadow of their doom has fallen across their path just when they were the most thoughtless and arrogant and self-indulgent, with the same effect that used to be produced at the royal banquets of the old Egyptians when a painted corpse was deftly passed around and exhibited to every guest, between the Theban dates and the absinthe, to remind him of the shortness of life and the necessity of being wise without delay.

FASCINATION OF WALL STREET.

AS a people we are more mercurial and speculative than any other in the world. The hope of suddenly acquiring wealth by a lucky turn of the wheel of fortune on the Stock Exchange is very alluring, not only to those buoyant with youthful ambition and enterprise, but to the average man at any age and in every walk of life. The profits of ordinary business so often seem small in comparison with what might be made by a successful operation in stocks on a moderate "margin," that men are too ready whenever they hear of a boom in Wall Street to turn aside from their regular occupation to take "a flyer" in securities of whose nature and value they generally know little or nothing beyond the name, and of which they do not care to take the trouble to learn more.

They would not for a moment think of buying a piece of real estate without carefully weighing its value against the price they were to pay for it, nor part with their money before their lawyers, after the usual careful search, had ascertained that the seller had a good title to it. Nor would they buy any kind of merchandise without actual knowledge of its quality and market value. Yet they will buy "a pig in a poke" in Wall Street with entire disregard of common prudence and all business rules. Moreover, they nearly always buy on a rise and not on a fall, regardless of the proverbial folly of "clamming at high water." The best time to buy is when the market is weakest and looks as if it would go a great deal lower, but it is just then that they are afraid to venture, and often sell what they have at a sacrifice. They never sell "short," however, having no aptitude for selling what they do not already possess, and no sympathy whatever with the "bears." As a rule, every stock speculator is a "bull" at the outset, and only becomes a "bear" after a succession of disasters.

It would astonish most persons to learn how many, not only of the wealthy and more or less well-to-do part of the people, but those of slender means and broken fortunes, are in the habit of dabbling in stocks, both in the large cities and all over the country. Women as well as men are of the number. In New York particularly we see abundant evidence of this widespread interest. Not alone in the bankers' and brokers' offices in and about Wall Street are stock indicators centres of attraction, but in all the prominent hotels and restaurants, and many places of business ostensibly unconnected with banking or stock operations, besides hundreds of private residences all over the city; and wherever in any public place there is a "ticker" there will be found a group of men stooping over it and anxiously watching its chronicle of quotations. It is the telegraphic barometer of their fortunes, of scanning which they seem never to tire, for upon a rise or fall often hangs ruin or success, opulence or poverty. Thousands of men and some women pass the whole of their time every business day during Exchange hours, from ten to three o'clock, wistfully eyeing the indicators in their brokers' offices; and what an idle, anxious, worrying, demoralizing and unprofitable life it is they lead, those know best who have had the longest experience of it. There is nothing for them to show as the result of all their wasted time and thought, and endless hopes and fears, unless they make money, and the instances where they do this in the long run are few and far between. The heavy speculators who exert a controlling influence over the market grow rich at the expense of the small ones. The big fish swallow the little fish, and these form the links in an endless chain of tragedies.

That whitened sepulchre of buried fortunes, the Stock Exchange, is mutely eloquent

of a long train of financial and social disasters which have overtaken those who have staked their own or other people's money on speculative ventures in their haste to be rich. From the time of the Schuylker frauds to the recent collapse of the Mechanics' National Bank of Newark, the catalogue of forgeries, embezzlements and failures, directly and indirectly resulting from speculations in Wall Street, seems almost interminable; and to these must be added the vast number of frauds and fiduciary delinquencies, to say nothing of ruined homes and families reduced from wealth to poverty through no fault of their own, which have never met the light of publicity.

That men who hold responsible and lucrative positions in the financial and commercial world should be willing to resort to crime—to run the risk of sacrificing everything they have and hold dear, and passing the remainder of their lives as convicted criminals in jail—merely for the sake of the chance of making money of which they are in no actual need, shows not only a perverted moral sense, but the powerful fascination of the idea of achieving sudden wealth, however illusive it may be. This is the secret of the "ticker's" almost magnetic power to draw a crowd around it. The "ticker" is the mouthpiece of the Stock Exchange. The gambler's instinct asserts itself among all classes where the temptation presents itself. But whether men gamble with their own or other people's money, and however much some may prosper for a time, the end is almost invariably loss and disappointment—often penury in the one case, and utter ruin and disgrace in the other. Yet such is the nature of man, and Mammon so sways the world, that the fascination of Wall Street will never grow less while it stimulates the hope of gain, even at the risk of ruin.

THE DRYGOODS TRAFFIC.

FOR many weeks past our hotels have been filled with buyers from all parts of the country, and the result has been a very brisk Fall trade all over the city. But perhaps in no branch of business has the volume of transactions, on the whole, been more satisfactory than among the dry-goods merchants.

The imports of woolen goods, which at one time seemed likely to show a marked decrease compared with last year, have within a short period been of sufficient magnitude to greatly reduce the gap between the figures for 1881 and those for 1880. The total value of the various descriptions of foreign goods thrown on the market since January 1st is put at \$101,489,000, against \$104,213,000 for the same time last year, and only \$80,005,700 for a like period in 1879. This may be taken as indubitable evidence of the increased purchasing power of our people, resulting from the enormous commercial transactions of the last few years. To point to another indication of this fact—with which all New Yorkers are familiar, and which may here be cited on the principle that straw shows which way the wind blows—we may mention the large increase in the number of retail clothing stores all over the city within a few years; the masses are better able to make purchases beyond the limits of actual necessity than at any time since the war. It is a matter for congratulation, too, that this prosperity rests not on the delusions of an inflated paper currency, as was the case for some years anterior to the panic of 1873, but on real earnings derived from the only real source of wealth—the soil—and paid in coin.

If we would measure the prosperity of a people, it is as a rule safe to take its imports of luxuries as indispensable factors in the problem, and foreign drygoods, including silks and woolsens, of course, must be comprehended in this list. It was in part the imports of these fabrics, too, which sent the revenue receipts for the last fiscal year, ending September 1st, some \$23,000,000 above the previous estimate of the Secretary of the Treasury.

But the Fall trade in our cotton goods has also been noteworthy, both as regards the domestic and the foreign transactions, and they have also been appreciating in value of late. Last year, when our exports of cotton goods showed an important decrease compared with those of 1879, there were not wanting pessimists to assert that this branch of the business was a mere sham; that most of the shipments were consignments to foreign merchants, to be sold on commission, and that American goods, so far from being actually wanted, were, if anything, falling into disfavor. That such an assumption was entirely premature and erroneous, not to say ridiculous, is conclusively proved by this year's record, which shows that our exports of these goods are now larger than was ever before known. Since January 1st the shipments have approximated 120,000 packages against 94,000 packages during the same time last year, and 108,000 packages for a like period in 1879, the last mentioned figures showing the largest record up to the present year. To show how this trade has grown within seven years, we may add that the exports

for the period mentioned, in 1874, were only 18,000 packages, showing an increase of nearly sevenfold in this short period. We not only send these goods to European markets, but to the East Indies, to Central America, the Argentine Republic, British West Indies, Colombia, Mexico, Brazil, British Australia, and many other parts of the world.

In this connection it is of interest to notice that the corrected statistics of our cotton manufactures have just been completed by the Census Bureau. It appears that the capital invested in mills is \$208,000,000; number of spindles, 10,600,000; of looms, 227,000; of operatives, 175,000; pounds of cotton consumed, 750,000,000; yards of cotton goods manufactured, 2,265,000,000. These figures are as striking as the confession that the average wages of the operatives last year was only \$255 per annum. The shame of this latter fact becomes more apparent when we turn to a list of quotations for the stock of these mills. The stock of one mill, the par value of which is \$1,000, is quoted at \$2,510; another of the same par value, at \$2,500; another of this sort is rated at \$2,150; another at \$1,860, and all, in fact, showing indubitable evidence of that prosperity which makes the heart of the stockholder to rejoice within him. Finally, as a subject of some interest, not only to cotton planters, but to manufacturers of cotton goods, we may briefly call attention to complaints now frequently heard from English spinners—especially those in Lancashire—of frauds in the packing of the raw cotton. Such unnecessary substances as stones, oyster shells and sand may easily be dispensed with, as also the mixing of an inferior with a higher grade in the packing of the staple for market; and if the evil becomes at all general, it may do serious injury—as much injury, in fact, as English spinners have done to their foreign trade in some cases by "doctoring" their cotton goods with clay in order to conceal the coarseness of the fabric.

THE "JEANNETTE."

CAPTAIN HOOPER'S preliminary report of the cruise of the *Corwin* in Arctic seas dispels any hope which may have remained as to the speedy return of the *Jeannette* or her crew. Not only is she not at Wrangel Land, or, as we are now to call it, New Columbia, but no signs are visible of her ever having been there. Far from spending the last Winter in comparatively safe, if not particularly comfortable, quarters, the *Jeannette* with her crew have been passing through who knows what scenes of hardship. The records of Arctic exploration give the imagination abundant facts to build upon. Fortunately, they give, too, abundant data for forming a reasonable conclusion as to the direction in which it would be wise to send a relief expedition. Captain Hooper's theory is that the *Jeannette* probably became entangled in the ice-pack, and was borne away to the northeast. If this be the case, since an ice-pack has never been known to bear in a southerly direction, and since it is impossible for a ship to resist the force of the pack, the *Jeannette* has probably become entangled among the islands of the Arctic Archipelago. If Lieutenant de Long has been able to extricate her from the ice during the past Summer, he has probably made an attempt to pass through Melville Sound and around by the east coast of Greenland—as is known to have been a favorite project of his—and is possibly wintering on some point far to the eastward of his original destination, with the prospect of returning home next Summer by way of the Atlantic. If, however—as unfortunately is far more probable—the *Jeannette* has become hopelessly enchained and has been abandoned in the neighborhood of Melville Sound, her crew are probably undergoing severe hardships on some of the uninhabited lands of that region. They are far too distant from the most northerly trading posts to reach them, encumbered as they would be, and their only hope of rescue is in the arrival of a ship. It is Captain Hooper's opinion that a vessel should be sent as early as possible next season to Melville Island, whence sledge parties could be dispatched in various directions to bring relief before it is too late. Doubtless there may be game sufficient in these uninhabited regions to support life, but three years of continued hardships of a Polar expedition are almost more than human nature can endure. The vicissitudes of Polar exploration have ere this shown human nature to be capable of undreamed-of courage, coolness, self-devotion and endurance, and the officers and crew of the *Jeannette* are probably no exceptions to this rule; but it is horrible to contemplate the sufferings which may be awaiting them before relief, be it ever so speedily sent, can reach them. Another endless Arctic Winter must wear itself away, at least, before they can be released from their icy prison-house. Happily there is still for us the hope of the former and happier alternative, and the possibility that next Summer may see the *Jeannette* returning home from the eastward.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE Irish Land Court has been increased by the appointment of nine additional sub-commissioners, of whom six are practical agriculturists. The Court has so far received 25,000 applications. At Limerick the sub-commissioners have reduced the rent of a three acre holding from \$95 to \$45, and other reductions have been so heavy that landlords are alarmed and threaten to demand compensation from the Government. In some localities landlords and tenants are beginning to compromise their differences, the former on account of the sweeping reductions of rent made by the Commission, and the latter on account of the expense attending applications to the Court. The Home Rule League has issued a manifesto to the people initiating a campaign in favor of local self-government, with an imperial Senate to manage the affairs of the British Empire. There have been a number of additional arrests under the Coercion Act.

Lord Mayor's Day in London was observed on the 9th instant with the usual éclat. A striking feature of the street pageant was the compliment paid to the United States—the national flag being carried conspicuously in the procession and saluted with hearty cheers by the populace. The American flag was displayed at many places throughout the city. At the Lord Mayor's banquet at Guildhall, Mr. Gladstone spoke briefly of the more hopeful condition of Ireland, and of the settlement of the Afghan and Transvaal questions. As to the former subject, he said it is already decided that the Irish people will make a full trial of the Land Act. He added that the law would be enforced with firmness and decision. The London Times says, referring to this declaration, that "the practical difficulty of engaging in a conflict with the large body of Irish tenantry will be met, if occasion arise, by taking, one by one, the counties in which resistance to rent may be organized, and by using for the enforcement of law the whole power of the Executive."

Gambetta has at length definitely accepted the responsibility of power. The Ferry Ministry having resigned on the 10th instant, Gambetta, upon the invitation of President Grévy, promptly formed a new Cabinet and thus becomes the constitutional Premier, responsible to the country for every act of the public administration. No man understands the French people better than he; his ability and dexterity are undoubted, and while the development of his policy will be watched with interest the prevailing sentiment will be one of confidence in its entire adaptation to the needs and tendencies of the Republic.

The debate on Tunisian affairs in the French Chamber of Deputies was rather spiritless than otherwise. The only notable speech on the subject was that of M. Clemenceau, who sharply arraigned the Ministers, charging that the violation of the French frontier by the Kroumirs was not an adequate motive for the action taken. The Government had either lightly entered on the expedition, without knowing what it would lead to, or had known it and had deceived the Chamber. He insisted that there ought to be a parliamentary inquiry into the causes of the war. At a later stage Premier Ferry replied to this assault, maintaining that the expedition had been rendered necessary by Moslem intrigues, and that the Government had adhered to the traditional policy of France in Africa. A motion offered by Gambetta, declaring that France is resolved loyally to observe the treaty with the Bey of Tunis, and finally adopted with only 71 negatives, practically closed the debate. It is stated that the insurgents in Tunis now number 50,000 fighting men, and that, occupying a comparatively unknown country, the French can only come up with them by a difficult and exhausting march. A number of tribes in the northern part of the Regency have formally submitted to the French, and others are negotiating for surrender. In Algeria the insurgents have been defeated with heavy loss. There is a statement, which lacks confirmation, that negotiations are in progress for the absolute cession of all the territory north of the River Medjerda to France.

Nearly all the second elections for members of the German Reichstag have resulted in favor of the Liberals. Prince Bismarck is said to be greatly impressed by the result, and a Berlin journal intimates that he is disposed to withdraw from office and permit the now dominant party to assume the responsibility of the Imperial Chancellorship. The journal which conveys this information says: "The leadership having been allowed to pass into the hands of the more radical elements of the Liberal Party, the path which the Government kept in view up to 1877 became closed against it. For the new paths which must be struck out the responsibility had better pass to a statesman who does not possess Prince Bismarck's antecedents." It is possible that this view of the situation expresses the real conviction of Bismarck, but we are scarcely prepared to believe that he will lay down the power he has so long held while a hope remains that his policy can be made finally successful. A later report indicates that Bismarck will seek a distinct expression of the Emperor's wishes in regard to the present situation, and it is believed by some that the Emperor's declarations will be such as will strengthen the Prince's position. This is the more likely result. Bismarck will resign, the Emperor will refuse to accept the resignation, and then everything will go on as before. In England, a beaten Premier would feel compelled to retire at once without ceremony.

JOURNALISTIC criticism of public men in Prussia is attended with serious risks. In Berlin, an editor who "imputed unworthy motives to the Minister of War," has just been sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment; and the

editor of a provincial journal, who ventured to insinuate that Prince Bismarck used his public position oppressively, has been subjected to a like punishment. The liberty of the Press often degenerates, no doubt, into license, but fair criticism and the honest discussion of the acts of public men cannot be abridged with safety to the public interests. The application of the German rule to political journalism in this country would paralyze nine-tenths of our partisan press.

THE Advisory Board, which have had under consideration the subject of reorganizing the Navy, find that there are only about twenty war ships in the Navy which are now adapted to active service, or are worth rebuilding. In order that the Navy may be put upon a proper footing, they recommend that forty new ships be built of various classes, the gunboats to be of wood and the other ships to have a steel shell covered with wood and sheathed with copper. The suggested sizes range from vessels of 5,300 tons displacement, able to steam 15 knots at sea, to gunboats of 770 tons able to make 10 knots. The idea is to have a Navy of swift iron cruisers, it being thought best to defer for the present the building of ironclads. It is estimated that eight years would be required to construct the new vessels and repair and refit those capable of being made serviceable. The cost is estimated at about \$31,000,000, and the Navy would then consist of 62 vessels of all classes.

THE doubt as to the ability of the Republicans to organize the next House of Representatives is increased by the loss of the seat held by Mr. Morton, from New York City. The distinctively Republican Representatives elect number 146, which is one less than a majority over all. To secure the Speakership, therefore, they must secure the support of Greenbackers or Readjusters, and their ability to do this will depend very much upon the value which the Greenback leaders put upon their vote. Just now the latter seem inclined to insist upon the election of Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, who is known to share their financial views; but there is an obstacle to the consummation of their scheme in the fact that they may not be able to hold the Greenbackers together, several of them having hitherto decided Republican affiliations. Whatever may be the outcome, it is obvious that the contest over the organization of the House will be one of traffic and intrigue in which "the longest pole will get the persimmon."

WHY should the Governors of our Western Territories be selected entirely from the ranks of the small beer politicians of the East? Isn't it possible to find proper men for these places in the Territories themselves? It is reported—and we hope the report is true—that President Arthur proposes at least to make an experiment in this direction. He will, it is announced, so far as practicable, select all government territorial officials from the inhabitants of the Territories. There is an opportunity to test this policy in the matter of the Governorship of New Mexico, which is now vacant. There is a scramble, too, for the Governorship of Arizona, which is expected soon to be vacated, and which to many an impetuous, broken-down partisan hack, would be a genuine bonanza. If the President will promptly and decisively cut loose from precedents on this subject, and recognize in his territorial appointments the principle of home-rule, he will initiate a policy which will certainly command wide popular approval.

THE pay of the surfmen employed in the life-saving Service is altogether inadequate, and Congress should act promptly on the recommendation of Superintendent Kimball in favor of an increase in their compensation. There is no branch of the public service in which the hazards are greater, and a higher degree of efficiency is needed, than in this, and the pay should be sufficient to command the best and expertest surfmen within reach of the stations. Last year, owing to the meagre pay, and for other reasons, a number of the keepers with their crews resigned; but by strong personal appeals they were induced to serve through this winter in the hope that the next Congress would recognize their claims to an increase. In two cases a scanty stock of patience has given out already. One station on the Gulf has been closed because the keeper found that he could no longer live on his petty pittance; and another, on the Atlantic Coast, is about to be closed for the same reason. If Congress can appropriate millions for "improving" inland streams, in which nothing larger than a minnow can float, it certainly ought to be able to apply a few thousands towards promoting the efficiency of a service which is of incalculable value to our commerce, and adequately paying the hardy men who make that service what it is.

THE growth of manufactures at the South is one of the most gratifying facts connected with the industrial progress of the country. In the cotton manufacture, the Southern mill-owner has many obvious advantages which enable him to earn a much larger profit than his New England competitor; and the rapid development of that industry is easily accounted for by this fact. A well-informed manufacturer says that most of the well built and well-organized mills in the South, of from 10,000 to 20,000 spindles, make a profit of from 15 to 20 per cent. on their capital; and statistics as to all the principal factories in Columbus, Atlanta and Augusta, Ga., fully sustain this estimate. In fact, the July dividends of the forty-five mills in Georgia were at the rate of from 10 to 35 per cent., and averaged fully 12 per cent. These facts show not only that manufacturing is a very profitable business in the South, thus giving an idea of the

opportunities to be found there by the capitalist, but they prove that the Southern people have in their midst an unequalled field for the investment of their savings. A writer in the New York Times predicts that "in putting up the smaller mills yet to be built along the water courses of Georgia and South Carolina local capital will be pretty sure to bear its part, though it be a small one. The accumulation of capital in the South for many years to come will be too slow for the demand. For most of the money to build her railroads and canals and factories she must call on the North, and with the inducements she can offer in the way of dividends the call will not be disregarded. But in almost every town where a factory is needed and would pay, a foundation of Southern capital might be had, and there could be no greater blessing come upon that section of the country than the growing-up of a class of small investors, aiding in the industrial development of the country, and at the same time increasing their individual wealth."

THE defeat of Mr. William W. Astor in the Eleventh Congressional District of this city, by a majority of 3,000, illustrates very conclusively the intensity of the popular antipathy to "boss" rule and to those who, occupying public position, surrender obsequiously to its dictation. Mr. Astor, as the Times truly says, "earned the nomination of the party managers by ignoble subservience to machine dictation at a time when it assumed a specially odious form." He persisted in the State Legislature in supporting the pretensions of Mr. Conkling, and executing the decrees of the "machine," in flat defiance of the clearly expressed wishes of his constituency—evidently supposing that his great wealth and influential social position would enable him, with the backing of the "bosses," to maintain himself against all opposition. He has tried the experiment, and the simple result is that, in spite of all the extraordinary means employed to secure success, he has lost by some 3,000 a district which was carried by his party one year ago by a majority of 3,300. When it is remembered that Mr. Astor bears an honored name, that his private character is irreproachable, and that he possesses genuine ability, this result becomes all the more significant as indicating the drift of popular sentiment touching the machine influence in politics.

THE investigation into the management of the Treasury contingent fund, authorized by the Senate at its recent session, should be made searching and thorough. The statements which are made as to illegal transactions in connection with that fund are specific, and while it is not at all necessary to assume their truthfulness, it is necessary that the precise facts should be known, both in deference to the public interests and in justice to the persons implicated. Among the recent publications is an affidavit of one Brown, a cabinet-maker, in which he claims to have done work upon the house and stables of Secretary Sherman and to have been paid for this work out of different Treasury funds. The pay-rolls for the period during which Brown claims to have done this work all show, it is said, that he was paid out of the public funds; but it is alleged that the matter can be satisfactorily explained and there are circumstances which seem to justify the belief that the payment was regularly made with the full sanction of officials whose integrity is not questioned. It does not appear that Secretary Sherman had any knowledge of the transaction, and it is impossible to suppose for a moment that he could have been a party to a fraudulent use of public moneys. But the whole subject should, all the same, be probed to the very bottom by the committee charged with the inquiry.

GENERAL SHERMAN renounces, in his annual report, his complaint that the army is too small for efficient discipline and for economical service. There are, he says, 430 companies in the army; these are scattered over our vast domain, to guard property and prevent, as far as foresight can, complications and troubles of every variety and kind—at one time protecting the settlers against Indians, and again Indians against the settlers. When these occur it is always sudden, and reinforcements have to be hurried forward from great distances and always at heavy cost for transportation of men, horses, wagons and supplies. The expense thus entailed would, in General Sherman's opinion, supply an increase of 20 per cent. in the numerical strength of the Army, and he strongly urges that this increase should at once be made. His precise language is as follows:

"In the last ten years our frontiers have so extended under the protection of our small Army as to add at least a thousand millions of dollars to the taxable wealth of the nation; has enabled emigrants to settle up remote parts of the country, and is a principal cause of the great prosperity which is felt throughout all parts of the country. When the national Treasury was poor and loaded with debt, the Army endeavored gracefully to submit to overwork, but they now appeal for relief, and I do most earnestly ask the honorable Secretary of War to apply to Congress to repeal that clause of existing law which limits the enlisted force of the Army to 25,000 men, and to enact that each and every company in the Army may be enlisted to at least 80 privates, making 62 enlisted men and 3 officers to each of the 430 companies, thus increasing the Army proper to 26,660 enlisted men, which number, in practice, will probably never exceed 25,000."

This should form the combatant force, and as experience and universal practice have demonstrated the necessity for another or non-combatant force, he further urges that provision be made by law for 3,789 men for service in the engineer, signal service, commissary, advance, and other detachments—making a total enlisted force of every nature and kind of 30,449.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

THE former wife of Guiteau will be a witness against him at his trial now in progress.

It is said that the Readjuster Congressman elected from Virginia will act with the Republicans.

At the election in Colorado last week a majority of 10,000 was given in favor of making Denver the permanent State capital.

A COURT-MARTIAL at Fort Davis, Tex., is engaged in trying colored Lieutenant Flipper, charged with embezzling \$3,791.

NEARLY \$600,000,000 of bonds have been continued at 3½ per cent., at the cost to the Government of about \$17.81 per million.

Six of the principal hotels at Old Orchard Beach, Me., were destroyed by an incendiary fire on the night of the 10th instant.

A NUMBER of Western State Boards of Agriculture have formed an organization whose aim it will be to secure truthful crop reports.

THE Spanish Consul-General in New York City announces that hereafter the passport system will be rigidly enforced on the Island of Cuba.

It is authoritatively stated that the total Government expenses at the Yorktown Centennial were about \$40,000, creating a deficiency of about \$12,000.

THE Inspector-General of Steamboats reports that during the year ending June 30th there were thirty-seven accidents to steam vessels and 268 lives lost.

SECRETARY BLAINE has resigned the Chairmanship of the Republican State Committee of Maine, a position which he has held for twenty-one years. Senator Frye is his successor.

THERE was a heavy snowstorm last week on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad in Nebraska and the Territory of Wyoming. In one case the drifts were so heavy that the usual trains had to be abandoned.

It is reported in coal circles that a syndicate representing a combined capital of \$15,000,000, and having for its object the controlling of the entire anthracite production of Pennsylvania, is in course of formation.

MR. HENRY J. SPOONER has been nominated by the Republicans of Rhode Island to fill the seat in Congress made vacant by Mr. Aldrich's elevation to the Senate. Henry T. Simon is the Democratic candidate.

THE schools of Biddeford, Me., have been closed in consequence of the prevalence of smallpox. There have been sixteen cases and six deaths. At Rahway, N. J., there is a smallpox scare, and the schools have been closed. In a suburb of the town many houses are quarantined.

A CALL has been issued for a national convention, to be held in Chicago November 30th and December 1st and 2d, for the purpose of discussing the present crisis in Ireland, and the consequent necessity for the Irish in America to make a full demonstration of all forces favorable to the Irish cause.

IN the year ending October 31st, the New York L roads carried 75,575,245 passengers, on some days handling a number equal to one-fifth the population of the city. There are 3,400 men on the pay-roll, 203 engines, 612 cars, 161 stations and 32 miles of track. The earnings for the year were \$5,270,530.

TWO more of the leaders of the Irish Land League movement arrived in New York City last week—the Rev. Father Eugene Sheehy, of Kilmallock, Limerick, who was incarcerated for six months in Kilmallock Jail, and Timothy Maurice Healy, member of Parliament for Wexford borough. They will address public meetings in behalf of the Irish agitators.

JUDON COX, in the Washington Court last week, quashed the information against General Brady and others of the so-called Star Route offenders upon the ground that the information charging an infamous crime, the offense alleged must constitutionally be embraced in an indictment exclusively. This decision affects only one of the many cases against the accused. The other cases will be proceeded with by indictment.

THE successful candidates for the principal offices in New York City in the late election, were as follows: District Attorney, John McKeon, Dem.; Surrogate, David G. Rollins, Rep.; Superior Court Justice, Richard O'Gorman. The State officers elected are as follows: Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr, Rep.; Comptroller, Ira Davenport, Rep.; State Treasurer, Robert A. Maxwell, Dem.; Attorney General, Leslie W. Russell, Rep.; State Engineer, Silas Seymour, Rep.

ELECTIONS were held in eleven States on the 6th instant. In New York State the Republicans elect their State ticket with the exception of one candidate, but lose both branches of the Legislature. In Massachusetts, the Republicans elect their ticket by 36,000 majority; in Connecticut, the same party carries the Legislature—having 17 of the 24 Senators and 149 Representatives to 98 Democrats and 1 Greenbacker; in Pennsylvania, they elect the State Treasurer by a reduced majority, while in Nebraska and Kansas, the usual Republican majorities are reported. In Minnesota, the Republican majority is 35,000. In Wisconsin, that party elected its ticket by only 6,000. In Maryland there were some Republican Legislative gains. In Mississippi, the Democratic ticket prevailed by 20,000 majority. The New Jersey Legislature is Republican on joint ballot. In Virginia the Readjuster State ticket was elected, and the same party secures the Legislature, which will give them a United States Senator.

Foreign.

THERE have been further earthquakes at Chios. The Spanish Senate is opposed to the re-establishment of civil marriage.

MANY American horses are being entered for next season's great races in England.

It is reported on good authority that the relations between Mexico and Guatemala are very critical.

THE defalcations brought to light in the Treasury Department of Cuba amount to about \$10,000,000.

TWENTY-TWO leading Nihilists are to be tried in St. Petersburg, as also some officials who had failed to discover the conspirators.

THE total loss in the Canadian province of Ontario by bush fires during the past season is estimated at between \$10,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

THE greater part of the town of Woodstock, New Brunswick, was destroyed by fire on the 11th instant. This is the third time that the town has been thus devastated.

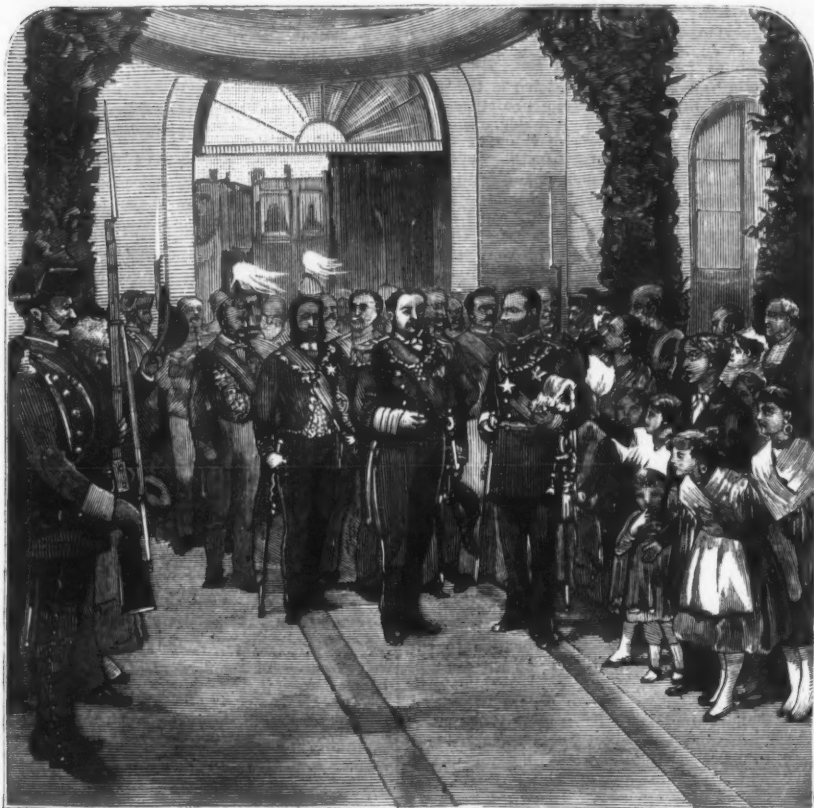
S. NOR MORET, the leader of the Spanish democrats in the Cortes, has given in his adhesion to King Alfonso, and declared that the present monarchy is compatible with democracy.

THE German Ambassador at St. Petersburg declares that an interview between the Czar and Francis Joseph is now indispensable. Count Andrássy declares that the attitude of Austria is a guarantee of European equilibrium.

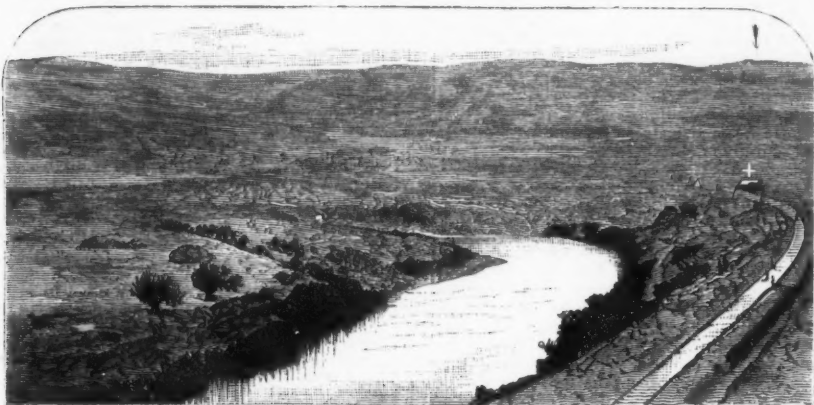
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 215.



ENGLAND.—AN AQUATIC TEA-PARTY AT BRIGHTON.



SPAIN.—MEETING OF THE KINGS OF SPAIN AND PORTUGAL AT VALENCIA DE ALCANTARA.



TUNIS.—SCENE OF THE MASSACRE BY THE ARABS, SEPT. 30TH.



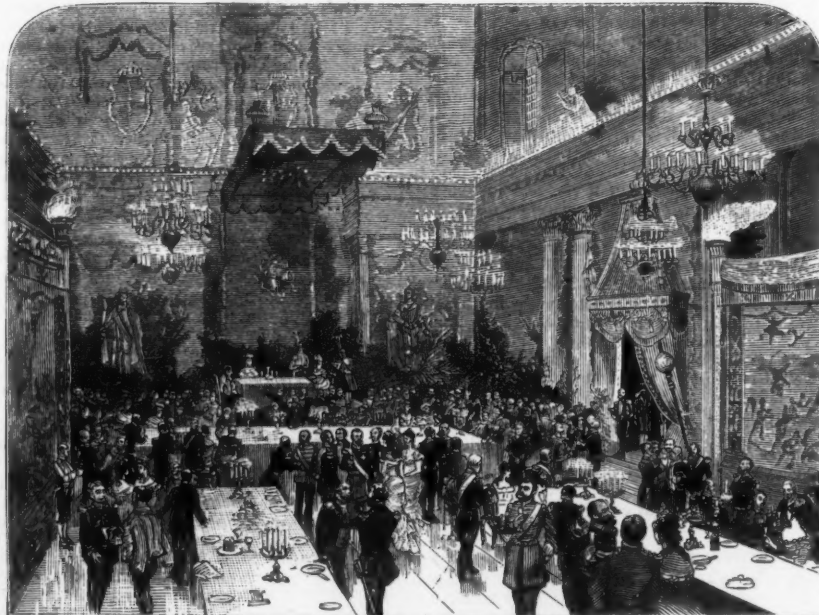
IRELAND.—THE SCOTS GREYS CHARGING THE MOB AT LIMERICK.



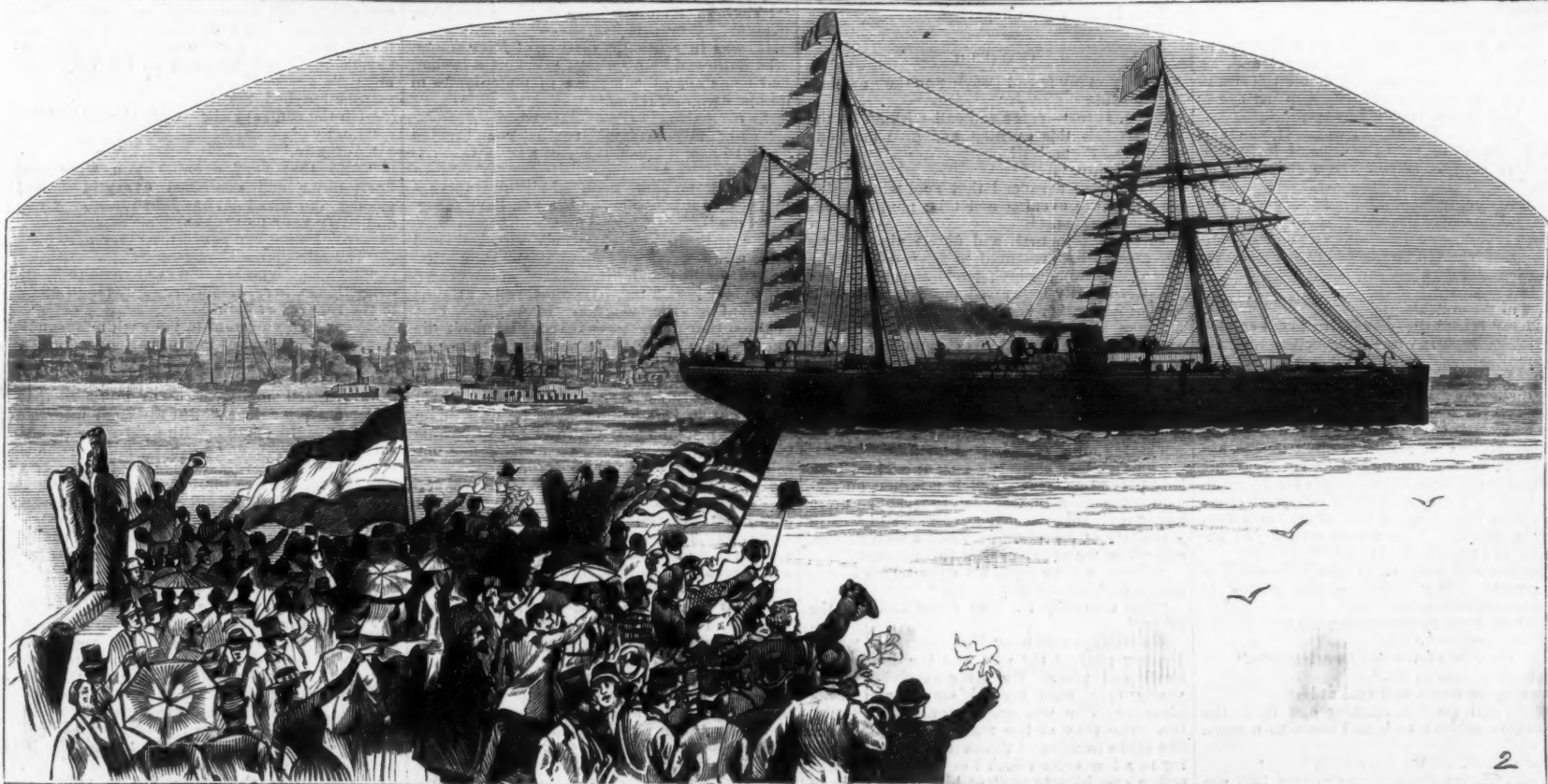
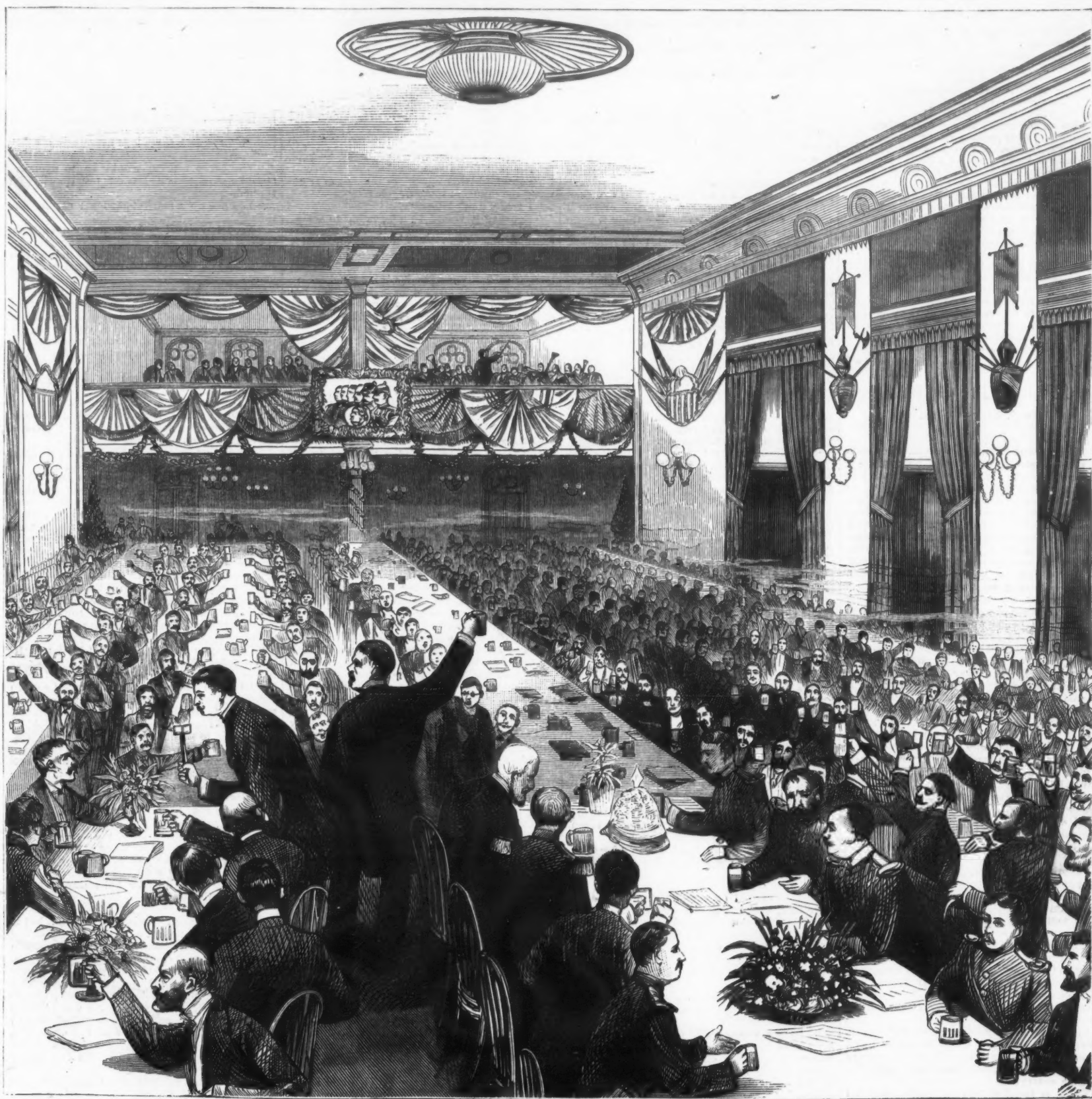
SPAIN.—CONFERRING THE ORDER OF THE GARTER UPON THE KING AT THE ROYAL PALACE.



IRELAND.—OPENING OF THE COURT OF THE LAND COMMISSION.



SWEDEN.—THE MARRIAGE SUPPER, ON THE RETURN OF THE ROYAL COUPLE TO STOCKHOLM.



1. The "Commerz" at Liederkranz Hall—Giving a "Salamander" in Honor of the Steubens.

2. Scene at the Steamship Dock, at Hoboken, on the Departure of the *Wieland*.

FAREWELL COURTESIES TO THE STEUBEN DELEGATION TO THE YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL.—SEE PAGE 215.

OUR LEGACIES.

If some hand is quite still
That we have loved and kept in ours until
It grew so cold;
If all it held hath fallen from its hold
And it can do
No more, perhaps there are a few
Small threads which it held fast,
Until the last,
That we can gather up and weave along,
With patience strong
In love. If we can take
But some wee, single thread, for love's sweet sake,
And keep it beaten on the wheel
A trifle longer: feel
The same thread in our hands to add unto, and hold
Until our own grow cold,
We may take heart, above the wheel, and spin
With weak hands, which begin
Where those left off, and going on
Grow strong.
If we bend close to see
Just what the threads may be
Which filled the quiet hands,
Perhaps some strands
So golden, or so strong, may lie there still,
That we our empty hands can fill;
And even yet
May smile though still our eyes be wet.

A RICH GIRL.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

CHAPTER I.

I KNEW, about twenty years ago, a remarkable person, in whose life took place a very curious incident. The person was Tom Dearing, about twenty-six, slender, of medium height, exceedingly graceful, profuse in expenditure on dress—a weakness which an ample estate enabled him to gratify. His hair was blonde, his eyes blue, and a delicate mustache as soft as silk shaded smiling lips. Tom was a top to the echo, did nothing in the world, passed his time in the society of ladies, and was apparently good for nothing. Envious people looked sidewise at him, despising heartily this butterfly—but they did not understand him and perhaps valued themselves too highly. Tom Dearing was a fop, but he was the kindest hearted of mortals—a man of very elegant culture in spite of his apparent frivolity: a graceful writer, not so bad a poet, a musician, and without a single low taste. It is a good deal to say of a young bachelor, with plenty of money. This one preferred to pass his evenings flirting fans in the society of ladies to muddling himself with brandy and water in less reputable places. Fops and fast men have their finer tastes often, and are not near so bad as many good people suppose them to be.

One morning Tom Dearing came into my office, where I was studying a law record. He was clad in all the colors of the rainbow—a style of dress which he alone seemed to possess the secret of wearing without shocking good taste.

"I think I will marry," he said, lighting a cigarette.

"Well, why not? You are thoroughly use- less as you are."

"Do you really think so, my dear fellow?" he replied, with his delicious drawl and smile; "but you are right perhaps."

"Certainly, I am. What are you good for? You dawdle all the morning, drive out, go to parties, play with fans, dance a little, and end with a cigar. There is your day."

Tom Dearing smoked his cigarette, serenely reflecting.

"You are right, my boy," he said at length. "King Solomon himself could not exceed you in wisdom. I will reform, and I am not aware of any better programme than matrimony."

"Well, marry."

"There is the doubt as to what it will all come to."

"Then don't marry."

"There is the certainty that I will come to nothing. Decidedly I must marry, and, as you are an old comrade, I'll define the situation. I have two dear creatures in my eye—would you like to hear about them?"

"Yes, if you are in earnest. If you are merely talking to pass the time, I have this record to study. If you are serious, I will listen."

"I am deeply, profoundly in earnest, my boy. I know what a sacrifice to friendship you make by neglecting that attractive document. But true friendship demands sacrifices. I want suggestions."

"State the case."

"I will do so."

And my friend, Dearing, with great candor and simplicity, laid everything before me. He was on the most intimate terms with Miss Edith—the daughter of a gentleman of large property; and Miss Emma—the daughter of a lady in reduced circumstances. Both were beautiful girls, well known in the friendly society of the little city; and it appeared from my friend's account that his relations with them were equally confidential.

"I believe I am as fond of either of these two young angels as of the other," said Tom Dearing, mildly. "To which would you advise me to propose, my friend?"

"To the rich one, if you like her as well as the other. Other things equal, money is always a consideration."

"But the poor damsel is so pretty."

"Then propose to her."

"But the rich one is just as attractive."

"Then propose to her."

Dearing reflected, and said at last:

"Well, I'll go this evening and open the campaign—call on both, and come to a stern resolve."

"Do so, and tell me the result."

At eleven that night Dearing came into my bachelor lodging, and stretched himself in an armchair. His costume resembled the rainbow, and he smiled vaguely.

"Well?" I said.

"She is charming!" he exclaimed.

"Which?"

"Miss Edith, of the moneybags; so is Miss Emma, without them."

"So you have been to call on both."

"Yes."

"The result."

"A worse bedevilment on the subject of my own sentiments than before, my friend. When I see one I forget the other, and when I reflect upon the other I forget the one present. I am in a state of mental paralysis. Decidedly I'll propose to Edith! No, I'll certainly try for Emma! That is to say—"

"You have lost your head—if you ever had any. Act with energy, Tom Dearing, or you'll prove a failure. The way to do a thing is to do it—not to resolve that you will think of it some of these days. Describe your friends—you know I am not acquainted with either."

"I will do so with pleasure. Edith eighteen, brown hair, dove's eyes, with a charming reserve of manner and a distracting glance."

"She is the rich one, I think. I would propose to her at once."

"But Emma! She is twenty-three, rosy, riant and thirty. You never saw such eyes—they are positively ravishing."

"Very well; go and propose to the ravishing eyes. What are you going to do?"

"I really don't know."

"Well, it is more than probable that if you act with decision your difficulties will disappear. One will discard you—that will narrow the question. Which likes you best?"

"I really can't say."

"The consideration is important."

"It is of enormous importance, my dear fellow. If I could ascertain that."

"You might do so."

"How?"

"Ask them."

"That is the simplest way; but then I should risk a discarding."

"What of that? Baggage at the risk of the owner."

"A noble maxim; but reflect how unpleasant it is to be told, 'No, I thank you.'"

"It is not agreeable, but risks are unavoidable. If a general never delivered battle for fear of defeat, he would effect nothing."

"The great discarded is an unpleasant rôle, my friend—I confess I don't like it."

"One cannot have all they like in this miserable world. A discarded is not a disgrace. The dear sex are not infallible. They won't have A and hasten to take B, though the first is the best part."

"Your words are words of wisdom, but I do not admire the feminine slipper except at a certain distance," said Tom Dearing, lost in reflection. "There might be found some means of deciding this fearful doubt and anticipating the result."

"You are right. Why not go on a journey after bidding each maiden a tender adieu. Then manage to become the victim of a railway collision and write from your expiring couch to each. The responses will probably enlighten you."

"That is ingenious, but rather difficult, my friend. I should be compelled to write a flat falsehood, and my nature shrinks from that heroic proceeding. But your suggestion has aroused my imagination—my inventive faculties are already at work."

"What do you mean?"

"I will explain myself subsequently. The plot of the drama is not yet definitely arranged. By-the-by, do you know of a good situation for a young man of high moral character?"

"A situation?"

"I have a young friend who is afflicted with a want of funds. He was once wealthy, but is now in reduced circumstances. He must do something for a living—but I will recur to the subject. Now, good-night, my dear fellow."

Tom Dearing then departed.

CHAPTER II.

I MET met my friend Dearing on the next day.

He said:

"A final test—come and call with me on the two damsels this evening, and give me your opinion of them."

"Certainly."

And it was arranged that Tom would pick me up in the evening and take me to see his two innamoratas.

He was punctual, and about nine in the evening I was presented to Miss Edith. She was as charming as my friend had represented. What especially impressed me was the sweetness of her rather reserved manners, and her habit of blushing easily. She had very fine eyes which expressed every emotion, and I thought I could perceive that my friend Dearing had made a strong impression. She laughed at him a little gently for his foppishness, but that did not deceive me. She plainly recognized his finer qualities, and had conceived something more than regard for him.

The visit was entirely pleasant. The young lady played and sang, and her father, an elegant old gentleman, was plainly wrapped up in her. On all sides were the evidences of wealth—the fate of Miss Edith seemed a smiling one, and when we retired I said to Dearing:

"There is your *parti*, my dear fellow! She really is charming as you say."

"She certainly is. But come and see the other."

We went to call upon Miss Emma. It was in another part of the city, and the house was small and plain. We were received by the young lady with cordial smiles and frank pleasure. She was unquestionably a beauty, too. The play of her features was dazzling. She said a number of things to my friend Dearing in a low voice which I surmised: and was either exceedingly fond of him or anxious to produce that impression.

"Well," said Tom, when we were in the street again, "which?"

"I really don't know how to advise you. Are you above money considerations?"

"Frankly, my dear fellow, I am. You may not believe me, but it is true, eccentric as it appears, no doubt. Rich or poor, I should never marry for money—the game is not worth the candle."

"Then propose to your dear Emma—if you think you prefer her, and she is fonder of you than the other."

Iearing walked along reflecting, and swinging his whalebone cane.

"There is still another question," he said.

"I am said to be wealthy—which I am not. Do you think that consideration has ever entered the minds of these angels?"

"I really don't know."

"Because it would be interesting to arrive at right views on that subject. And the topic reminds me that I have not yet obtained a situation for the friend in reduced circumstances which I mentioned last night. I must look after that young man's affairs, and secure some employment for him. He is poor but honest, and would take any position—Senator of the United States or market gardener."

CHAPTER III.

THESE latter words recurred to me a week or two afterwards, when the rumor was disseminated through the city—that elegant Tom Dearing had become a market-gardener.

I attached no credit whatever to the report, which seemed to me in the highest degree absurd; but I was very soon compelled to acknowledge that there was no exaggeration whatever in it. Dearing had disappeared from his lodgings, and the door was locked. I doubted the market-gardener report. I was told I could verify the fact by going early in the morning, on any day in the week, to the New Market where I would find Tom Dearing, with a neat apron on, selling vegetables.

I went, and, threading my way through the crowd of purchasers, came in front of a stall wherein were exposed for sale every vegetable of the season. Over this stall presided the once elegant Tom Dearing—a personage no longer recognizable. Instead of the most artistic costume which the best tailor of the city could devise, he wore a plain, rather coarse coat, heavy and serviceable boots, a straw hat, and a long, white apron.

Watching him unperceived, I saw him dispose of his vegetables to purchasers with a matter-of-fact air, give change from the pocket under his apron, and there was absolutely nothing in his demeanor to indicate that he had not followed the business of a market-gardener all his life.

I went up behind him and said:

"So you are the young man in reduced circumstances, Tom?"

He turned round, and, looking me calmly in the face, replied:

"Even so, my dear fellow. This is the end, you see, of all my matrimonial dreams—a sudden crash in stocks, penury where wealth was once, the alternative of sponging on my friends or pursuing some honest calling."

I looked at him attentively. Was he in earnest?

"I see you have taken up the idea that this is a stupendous lark my dear fellow," said Tom, quietly; but you will see that I am neither better nor worse than a market-gardener if you stay here. Between living as a burden on you and my other friends and earning an honest support, I have chosen the latter. Was I wrong?"

"You were right if you are in earnest. But surely you have not lost your means."

Tom Dearing shook his head in a desponding manner, and turned round to serve some radishes to a customer.

"Come back in an hour or two and I will tell you all about it," he said, mournfully. "I shall have more leisure then. A cabbage, madam? Why it is Mrs. —"

It was in truth the mother of Miss Emma, who, followed by a servant carrying a basket, had come after the fashion of many ladies to do her own marketing.

"Mr. Dearing!" she exclaimed.

"Unhappily, madam!" replied Tom, turning away to hide a blush, it seemed.

"You!"

"Myself, madam—reduced circumstances—unforeseen misfortune. I see you have recognized me."

The lady looked extremely shocked, and after a few words of commonplace sympathy, bowed slightly and disappeared in the crowd—her face indicating, I thought, relief at thus terminating the singular interview. For, confess that it is embarrassing to meet the guest with whom you have spent the evening before behind a market stall!

"You see," said Tom, mournfully, "this excellent lady is terribly shocked! But I ought not to be surprised. Come back in an hour or two, my old friend, and I shall be able to explain everything. You at least are not ashamed of your former comrade."

I went away in a maze of wonder—was the scene real, or was there something under it? I could not determine. Either might be the truth. If Tom Dearing had experienced a sudden loss of fortune, a man of his real pride and horror of dependence might have resorted to this honest occupation. It was certain that there he was, with an apron selling vegetables—and the writer of this narrative assures the reader that the incident is strictly true.

When I returned in an hour Tom Dearing was gone, and on the same evening I left town in haste to see a member of my family who had been taken ill. When I returned three weeks afterwards, my first thought was for Tom Dearing.

I hurried to the market. He was not there. Another person presided at his stall who could tell me nothing of him. I went back wondering, and, looking around for some friend to

interrogate I saw nobody, but in passing Tom Dearing's former lodgings, heard the notes of a flute.

I stopped and looked up. The windows were open, and the rooms were plainly inhabited. Was it by Tom? I ran up the steps, and knocked, half-expecting that a strange voice would demand my business.

"Come in!" said the familiar voice of my friend, and, hastening forward, I saw him in a flowered dressing-gown and velvet slippers, leaning back in a luxurious armchair.

"Tom!"

"The correct thing would be to exclaim, 'Good heavens! can I trust my eyes!'" he replied.

"You are not a market-gardener any longer, then?"

"No, I have resigned. It was not entirely favorable to my pet ambition—matrimony—so I thought I would dispose of my entire stock, and do like all the rest of the world—marry for money."

"Marry? Are you to be married?"

"I have the pleasure of replying to that question in the affirmative, my dear friend; and to say that I shall expect you to be my first groomsmen on the happy occasion. I positively won't call you my 'best man'—that is too English."

I stared—acknowledged that the fact was not surprising.

"Tell me what you mean," I said.

"With pleasure, if you will sit down and not continue to gaze at me as if I were a menagerie or an aquarium monster."

Tom smiled, laid aside his flute, lit a cigar, and said:

"You gave me the idea which has led to the present *dénouement*—to test the friendship, let us call it, of those two charming young persons—Mademoiselle Edith and Emma. You suggested a railway accident, and a note to each with a view to a reply. But that was impracticable, and did not promise decisive results. Unfortunately, the convention of modern society interferes with romance. The maidens could not rush to my bedside, or even express in gushing terms their emotions by mail, since others would peruse the notes. I gave that up, and thought of a more convenient plan."

"I see—you mean the market-garden business—but—"

"Let me flow on uninterrupted, my friend. I shall reach the conclusion sooner. I said to myself, 'There is one paramount question, which of these fair ones is sincerely attached to me, and likes me the best for myself?'"

"I begin to understand."

"And the test was perfectly easy. I disappeared from society, and became a market-gardener, saying to myself as I took my place in a white apron behind my stall, 'The one who does not lose respect and affection for me now is the real angel.' Well, you were present that morning, but not on other mornings. The angels actually came on the sly—one after the other—to see if the terrible report were true. They did not speak to the poor market-gardener, formerly their friend. They lurked behind the crowd, with veils down, but I recognized them."

"Yes—well?"

"I see you are impatient, my friend, but it is necessary to permit a *racconter* to proceed after his own fashion. I am indicating, you see, in a neat and concise manner the *dénouement* of a most interesting drama. Let me proceed. First came my beautiful friend Miss Emma. Her mamma had doubtless informed her of the monstrous fact that I was reduced to utter poverty, and was compelled to sell cabbages. She came to see with her own eyes, and as she passed me, unperceived as she no doubt supposed, I swear I heard a low laugh under her green veil."

"That was not sympathetic, to say the least."

"It was not, but I waited—sure that some one else would come sooner or later. There was another youthful angel who had professed friendship for the unfortunate market-gardener. I saw her pass on the very next morning, and—"

"She laughed, too?"

"In the contrary she—well, she sobbed."

"Really?"

"Actually."

"And that very evening you went and knelt down and confessed everything, and gushed, and asked darling Edith to marry you and share your market garden?"

"No. I went and asked the other one."

"The fair Emma?"

"Even so. You see, I was anxious to know everything—to ascertain precisely how I stood in the regards of both."

"Yes; and you went in your white apron?"

"Not precisely, but in my coarse gardener's suit."

"And your friend, Miss Emma—"

"Discarded me with a promptness that really made me dizzy. But the most interesting part is to come. With mild sorrow, but earnest persistence, I requested the grounds upon which she refused me so flatly. You will not believe me, but in the end I made her acknowledge that she did not think it honorable in a gentleman to urge a lady to occupy an almost mental station, and then she really tossed her head, and I thought I had better bow and retire."

"Broken hearted?"

"Not entirely. There was another visit to pay on the same day. You know to whom it was—and the market-gardener's reception there was very different! In fact—but you are not so unreasonable as to expect me to communicate the incidents of that interview! There is, however, no objection to telling you the result. I am engaged to be married, and the interesting ceremony will take place in just three months."

"You are much too concise in your *dénouements*. Was the market-gardener no objection?"

"None in the world. Somebody told me,

with a laugh through tears, that it was a very respectable business: that she was not at all ashamed to marry a market gardener, and, after all, I need not continue on, as my wife would have plenty of money! Then my inmost heart smote me, and I acknowledged my deceit."

"And she forgave it?" I said, laughing.

"Yes; but really she seemed a little sorry that I was not a poor market-gardener, after all. Confess that is not bad for what is called a rich girl!"

FAREWELL COURTESIES TO THE STEUBENS.

THE farewell courtesies in this city to the members of the Von Steuben family, who visited this country to attend the Yorktown Centennial, were in every way hearty and complimentary. On the evening of the 9th a "Commerz" was given in their honor at Liederkrans Hall by the Liederkrans and Arion Societies, which was especially enjoyable. "Commerz" is a German technical term difficult to translate, but it is a meeting conducted somewhat as follows: When a man drinks one glass of beer his neighbor sees him and goes him one better; then the first man raises the other, and so continues. On the evening in question some 1,000 members of the societies named, and invited guests, assembled at the hall, which was prettily decorated for the occasion with German and American flags. A striking feature was the new reichsfane (imperial banner), black, white and red, with the great black eagle in the center. A large flag of this description was fastened over the seat of the president, Mr. Fritz Beringer. The walls were also decked out with ancient German armorial bearings and the portrait of the famous Baron Von Steuben, as well as photographs of the present descendants, crowned with oak leaves. All the flags, armor and other decorations were tastefully ornamented with oak leaves, evergreens and ivy. On the stage or platform were five tables for the president, the Von Steubens and other invited guests. Long tables occupied the floor, at which sat the visitors.

The entrance of the guests was greeted by thundering applause, and, after they had all seated themselves on the platform, Herr Beringer made a brief address of welcome. He said the Germans of this city were delighted at seeing their guests here, not only because they were bearers of the famous name of Steuben, but because they represented that great power which had given the German nation what it needed most—German unity. While the Germans of this country were proud of their American citizenship, yet he hoped upon their guests' return to the Fatherland they would be able to testify that, in the adoption of American citizenship, the German citizens of New York had yet been able to preserve the German character through the cultivation of German song. In conclusion, on the part of all the Germans assembled, he wished them a pleasant voyage, long lives and happiness, and proposed in their honor three *hoche*. The cheers were given with a tremendous hurrah, and as the band which was in attendance struck up an air, the musical "Salamander" (a sort of "tiger") was added with a will. Colonel von Steuben having fittingly acknowledged with cordial thanks this welcome, a number of patriotic pieces were sung by both societies—"The Watch on the Rhine," "The Happy Voyager," "The Mother Tongue," etc. Humorous songs, composed for the occasion and named "Our Guests," "Old Steuben," etc., contributed to the amusement of the convivial assemblage. A brief address was also made by Secretary Blaine. The drink *on vision* at a *commerz* is beer and nothing but beer, and not less than eighty kegs had been supplied for the evening.

The morning of the last day of the Steubens in this country, the 10th, was spent in the exchange of farewells with their friends. In the afternoon they sailed for home on the Hamburg steamer *Wieland*. The dock at Hoboken presented a gala-day appearance, all the adjacent hotels flying the German flag, while the *Wieland* was very tastefully festooned with the colors of America, Germany and the picturesque standard of the Hamburg Steamship Company—the oldest of Germany—which is blue and white, with a yellow shield bearing the company's monogram. The departed guests arrived at the dock about noon, accompanied by representatives of the State Department and a number of German officials, and were welcomed by hearty cheers. Preparations had been made for the grand salute for a final reunion at the festive board of the Steubens and their new-born German-American friends. The tables were groaning under a very inviting load of champagne bottles, and the healths of the departing visitors were drunk with hearty enthusiasm. Among those present were Captain Hoboken, of the *Wieland*, under whose special protection and care the Von Steubens were placed, and his veteran colleague, Captain Schwensen, of the *Wieland*, who recently completed his one hundred and fiftieth round trip across the ocean.

Cousin-German Schumacher, in some felicitous remarks, wished the guests goodspeed on their homeward journey, to which Colonel Arndt von Steuben responded with a profuse outburst of thanks. He said that never as long as they lived could they forget the kindness they had received here, and the remembrance of which they would always gratefully carry in their hearts. Then, after final farewells, the steamer forded out of her dock, the multitude continuing to cheer and wave handkerchiefs and hats till the figures of the Von Steubens, standing on the deck and acknowledging these parting salutes, had faded away from sight.

ENTOMBED IN THE WRECK OF THEIR HOMES.

A TERRIBLE calamity occurred at an early hour on Wednesday morning, November 9th, on the corner of Grand Street and South Fifth Avenue, by which nine persons lost their lives and fourteen sustained injuries more or less severe. At about seven o'clock, and without any warning, the walls of the two tenement houses, Nos. 53 and 55 Grand Street, occupied by eight families, numbering in all thirty persons, collapsed totally, burying the inmates in the ruins. The whole mass had fallen a little outwards towards South Fifth Avenue, completely covering the sidewalk and crushing the lower part of the stairway of the elevated railway station at Grand Street. People passing and those living in the neighborhood were so stupefied with amazement that for some moments they stood still in their tracks. Some one at length suggested that a fire-alarm should be given, and a shopkeeper across the street ran to an engine house two blocks away and reported the disaster. Meanwhile news of the catastrophe spread rapidly through the neighboring streets, and great crowds of men, women and children hurried to the scene.

In a few moments a company of broad-shouldered firemen, wearing long waterproof coats and helmets, came forcing their way through the crowd. Several half-buried bodies had already been discovered, and the men clambered up the ruins to rescue them from their peril. At one corner a policeman discovered three little children underneath pieces of roof and partitions, one of them caught by the neck in a perilous position. Crawling through an opening he handed them out one after another to some one outside. While the firemen were setting to work, with their hooks and shovels, to uncover the mangled and dead, a large force of policemen pressed the crowd back.

Not long after the fire-alarm was given a call was sent out to the Chambers Street Hospital. In response an ambulance, clanging its bell, came

rapidly up the street. It was not too soon at hand. Already men, women and children were being found who, from being at the top part of the buildings, had escaped with their lives, but weak from fright and covered with bruises. When a voice or a groan indicated that some one was buried in a certain spot, a group of men began removing the superincumbent mass with all possible haste. Sometimes a part of the body or of the clothing was a guide to those making the search. In some instances a voice was heard for some time before its owner's exact position could be determined. Now and then an excited man or woman rushed up to the searchers and implored them to rescue their friends.

Amid all the terrible incidents of the disaster nothing approached in dramatic interest and horror the seven hours' imprisonment of Mrs. Minnie Hill, in the *Wieland*. She had escaped instant death only by the miraculous arrangement of the ruins, which formed a sort of arch over her while she was entangled in loose rubbish. The rescuers had been working nearly an hour before they heard her faint cries for help. Directed by them, they removed timbers, bricks, mortar and household goods by the ton before they reached her. They were obliged to work very cautiously lest the burrowed ruins should cave in. After two hours' work they managed to get her body sufficiently clear to surround her with pillows. Stimulants were given to her, and the work was renewed. It was found that her left leg and arm were pinned by a wall. At noon the poor woman's strength was falling fast. She was scarcely conscious when the dead body of her son Frank, which she had clasped all the time, was taken from her arms. Another hour was spent in carefully removing the wall. The heroic fortitude of Mrs. Hill was the admiration of all who witnessed it. She had spoken at times, but mostly to ask about her husband and children. Occasionally she had urged the firemen to get her out, if they wished to save her alive. After her shoulders and chest had been free two hours she recognized her brother in the crowd, and called him to her. She also recognized Father Sigel of St. Alphonsus' Church. Water was brought to cool her face, and Drs. Jersey and Murray from the Chambers Street Hospital, Dr. Foote of the New York Hospital, and Dr. Hoyt of Bellevue stood by to give her all possible relief. Fireman Lawrence, Keyes and Sullivan of Hook and Ladder 5, Foreman Halloran and Assistant Foreman Kelly were especially active in supporting and assisting the sufferer. Deafening cheers were given when Mrs. Hill and Ladder Companies 5, 8, 10 and 11 were working with unrelaxing efforts to remove the debris. Ten thousand people in the street, on top of the neighboring buildings, and on the elevated railway structure were looking on. After seven hours of suffering Mrs. Hill was finally extricated, and tenderly lifted out of the ruins to a litter. They took her to the Chambers Street Hospital, where she died at 9:30 P. M.

When the firemen ceased work at five o'clock all the persons who lived in the two houses had been accounted for, it being taken for granted that Mrs. Hill's infant was dead. There still remained the question, however, whether a chance visitor or more in one or the other of the liquor stores, or some passer-by on the sidewalks of South Fifth Avenue and Grand Street had not been caught by the falling material and killed. Nine persons were killed by the accident, of whom eight were recognized, and fourteen were injured. The buildings which fell were very old, some say at least fifty years, and had been patched up repeatedly. They had been condemned by the Building Department, and Inspector W. P. Esterbrook said that a notice would have been served on the owners of the building on Tuesday that repairs must be made immediately if it had not been election day, a legal holiday, when the force of the bureau is not on duty.

On the day following the disaster the search for the body of Mrs. Hill's infant was resumed, and not long before noon the workman were rewarded by finding the corner of a cradle peeping from under a mass of debris. It seemed reasonably certain that the missing child would be found in it, and the men renewed their search. A heavy beam was laid over which was resting on the cradle and pinning it down. When this was raised by means of levers, the tiny form of the baby was discovered lying on its side with its head on the pillow as if in sleep. It was dressed in its nightclothes just as its mother had put it to bed the night before the disaster. A police captain put in his hand and lifted the dead child out, and it was taken to the undertaker's shop to be washed and dressed. This completed the search for bodies, as all the inmates of both houses were accounted for.

Coroner Herrman visited the scene at an early hour on Thursday and impaneled a jury. After the jurors had viewed the bodies, Coroner Herrman said to them that he was determined to make a thorough investigation into the causes of the disaster, and that the inquest would probably not be held until the latter part of next (this) week. He intended, he said, to summon some of the most careful and prominent builders in this city to give expert testimony.

The Growth of London Shipping and Docks.

At the special meeting of the East and West India Dock Company, held on October 1st, the necessary powers were voted by the proprietors for carrying out the new deep-water docks at Tilbury, which, it is understood, will be forthwith commenced. In setting forth the scheme to the shareholders, the chairman states that since the opening of the company's New South West India Dock in March, 1870, the increase in the number of steamers had been from 3,857, with a tonnage of 1,645,973 tons, to 6,032, with a tonnage of 3,830,230 tons in 1880. In the same period sailing vessels had decreased from 1,173 ships, with a tonnage of 2,443,693 tons, to 5,288 ships, with a tonnage of 2,140,108 tons. Since 1870 the length of steamers had increased from 300 to 350 feet to 500 and 550 feet, and there was every reason to believe that larger steamers would be built.

The Largest Prison in Europe.

THE House of Detention, which has just been opened in Berlin, and to which all the prisoners, male and female, who are awaiting their trial have been removed, is the largest prison in Europe. There are six different buildings, the men's prison being four stories high, with 732 single cells, several large rooms, holding in all 195 prisoners, forty rooms for the warders, and sleeping accommodations for 115 other employees. Each of the cells has a window ten feet high, and an arched roof; the furniture consisting of a bed and stool fixed to the wall, and a washing apparatus. There are also an electric bell, a cupboard, a closet and a gas-burner placed above a small table. The prisoners can, if they please, read or write all night long. On the ground-floor are twenty-six cells for prisoners accused of murder or known as being in the criminal class, and in these there is a piano. There are half a dozen cells underground for prisoners who are guilty of breaches of discipline, and in the infirmary ring there are nine rooms for prisoners of good position in society (should any ever come there), which are furnished with some approach to luxury. There are also two or three suits of apartments reserved for poor persons who are awaiting trial for political offenses, and who are to be allowed to furnish them according to their own taste. The kitchen, baths, and heating-apparatus are all on the area floor, and the interior of the building, which is of iron, is so constructed as to form a large hall in the center, which reaches right up to the roof. There is a telephone between the prison and the Assize Court, so that prisoners can be sent there without having to wait. The prison for women contains seventy single cells, and

fifteen large dormitories, there being accommodation for 220 women altogether. The dormitories are partitioned off, so that each occupant can be placed under lock and key for the night; and there are three or four large work-rooms in which they will be employed in daytime, under the surveillance of female warders. As in the men's prison, there is a spacious exercise ground and a separate chapel.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

An Aquatic Tea-party at Brighton.

The West Pier at Brighton was crowded a few Saturday days ago with an eager and amused multitude who had assembled to witness some aquatic sports, not the least of which was the aquatic tea-party. A raft, with flags at its corners, and supported by two bolster-like bladders, and attached by a rope to a boat, had been floating about in a meaningless manner during the previous sports, and the fun was believed to be over, when a green chair was placed on it, and then a large white jug. Presently, to the delight of the beholders, who broke forth into rounds of applause, a tea-tray full of cups was placed on it from a boat. Then one of the swimmers scrambled up from the water, and seated himself on the chair, the tea-pot was handed to him from the boat, and then two other swimmers, being supplied with a lower stage of the pier, triumphantly carried with one arm above the waves a plate of bread-and-butter and a sugar basin. Amidst rounds of applause and shouts of laughter, the swimmers then came round, bobbing up and down, holding on to the raft like dogs round a tub, and partook of their well-earned tea.

Meeting of the Kings of Spain and Portugal.

King Alfonso left Madrid on October 7th for the purpose of meeting the King of Portugal on the frontier. On reaching Valencia de Alcantara, the frontier station, bands played the royal march, and troops presented arms. A faint cheer was raised by the country folk, muffled up in their cloaks, and the authorities, shivering in the cold, welcomed Don Alfonso and suite. Towards half-past nine the King went to the station with his household. The bugle sounded, and crowds anxiously gazed towards the Portuguese frontier. The royal salute was fired. Bands played the Portuguese hymn. The battalion presented arms. The peasants shouted. Another train slowly came in and Don Luis, looking like a hearty and powerfully-built middle-aged man, jumped out, followed by most of the Ministers and generals, in cocked hats and plumes. He was greeted by King Alfonso, and after a few seconds' conversation the Kings and their suites went to the tent to partake of a breakfast, the band meanwhile playing selections of music. The Kings of Spain and Portugal, after the banquet, inaugurated the Caceras Railway.

Scene of the Massacre in Tunis.

A number of Frenchmen and foreigners were massacred by the insurgents at the railway station of Wadzergha, six miles from the City of Tunis, on September 30th. The attack was made by the same party that had recently had a conflict with Ali Bey. The insurgents burned alive the station-master, who was an ex-lieutenant in the French army and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and ten employees, mostly Maltese and Italian. The station itself was burned to the ground, and all the rails that could be removed were thrown into the river. It was alleged that the massacre was caused by the wholesale destruction of olive forests, villages and vineyards which the French General Sabatier considered necessary around Zaghouan. The cross in the engraving shows the exact location of the atrocity.

Opening of the Land Commission Court.

It is a noticeable and by no means unhappy coincidence that on the same day when the Land League was proclaimed as "illegal and criminal" the Land Commissioners began their active work, which it is to be hoped will have a pacificatory effect upon the country. The court was held at Mornington House, 24 Merrion Street, Dublin, which is one of the mansions which claim to have been the birthplace of the Duke of Wellington. The apartment was so crowded with barristers and solicitors that there was little room for the public, but amongst those present were Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and the wife, son and daughters of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Justice O'Hagan, the Chief Commissioner, wearing his coat and robes, with the Assistant Commissioners, Mr. Litton, Q. C., in barrister's wig and gown, and Mr. Vernon, D. L., in ordinary dress, took their seats at noon, and the court was opened without any ceremony.

Charging the Mob at Limerick.

The rioting in the streets of Dublin on the Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday nights following the arrest of the Land Leaguers, resulted in the wounding of a number of the Metropolitan Police, and a damage to houses and other property amounting to \$15,000. In Limerick the rioting was, to a certain extent, more desperate, although there was comparatively little damage done. The Scots Greys quartered in the town had to charge the mob with drawn sabres, and to use their weapons in sharp earnest, before they could get the streets cleared, as the police-barrack was in danger of being stormed by a formidable host of assailants. But the rioters were completely quelled, and since then comparative quiet has prevailed.

Investiture of King Alfonso with the Order of the Garter.

The investiture of King Alfonso with the Order of the Garter took place in the Royal Palace, at Madrid, on the afternoon of October 11th. The grand staircase and landing were lined with halberdiers in the gala dress of musketeers of the last century, and palace servants with gilt liveries and powdered heads. Meanwhile five state carriages, drawn by fine teams of Andalusian horses, plumed and brilliantly harnessed, went with the Marquis del Valle, the principal introducer of the Ambassador, to the Hotel de Paris. The escort was formed by a squadron of Royal Horse Guards. The Marquis of Northampton and Sir Albert Woods, Garter Kings-at-Arms, and members of the mission, were driven to the palace, where they found the King, standing in halberdier's uniform, but without any cross or star whatever on his dark blue tunic, surrounded by the Court of Ministers. The Marquis of Northampton advanced to the foot of the throne, and, in French, in a short address, explained the object of the mission. The King replied. After duly handing their letters, the book of statutes and their commission, the plenipotentiaries, Lord Northampton and the Garter Kings-at-Arms approached the King and buckled the garter on the left leg of His Majesty, below the knee garter, reading admonition. Afterwards Lord Northampton successively invested the King with the ribbon, mantle, collar, hat and feather and Star of the Order.

The Princess of Baden's Welcome to Sweden.

On the 1st of October the entry into Stockholm of the newly married Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden and Norway took place. The royal couple left Carlsruhe on the 26th of September for home. On stepping ashore at Stockholm, the Town Council and Mayor received their Crown Prince and Princess within a magnificent pavilion erected for the occasion, after which the cortege proceeded through an innumerable crowd of people by the principal thoroughfares to the Royal Slott, where the King and Queen awaited their arrival.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—CANADA is moving for a copyright treaty with the United States.

—THE Mississippi floods have caused \$3,000,000 damage around Quincy, Ill.

—IN London Confederate dollar bonds now bring only 12½ cts. per \$500.

—ARRANGEMENTS are proposed for direct trade between Hull and Baltimore.

—THE Pope has strongly condemned the proceedings of the Land League.

—A NEW Russian commission will investigate the Jewish question by order of the Czar.

—IN the Staffordshire collieries a strike is impending which will throw 50,000 men out of work.

—A MONUMENT has been unveiled in England to the memory of Thomas Clarkson, the philanthropist.

—FRANCE and England are prepared to take joint action in case of another military outbreak in Egypt.

—A FULL bench of judges in a Massachusetts State Court has decided that women are not eligible as lawyers in the Bay State.

—VENICE, it is said, is to be "improved" by the filling up of the canals. A steamboat company has been chartered on the Grand Canal.

—FOUR white men were killed and two were severely wounded by a gang of negroes during the polling at Marion Station, Miss., on the 8th instant.

—THE California Board of Health is about to establish an inland quarantine to prevent the importation of smallpox from Chicago over the Pacific railroads.

—AN universal exhibition in Rome is projected for 1885-'86. An influential committee has been formed in London to secure the participation of British exhibitors.

—OWING to the complete failure of the fisheries this year the Government of Canada has had to provide for the people living on the Island of Anticosti to prevent them from starving.

—LEFROY, the Brighton Railway murderer, was found guilty at the Maidstone (Eng.) Assizes last week and sentenced to be hung on the 29th instant. The jury were out only ten minutes.

—THE London correspondent of the New York World writes that English capitalists are looking more and more to the Southern and Southwestern States for safe and promising investments.

—THE total receipts, showing the number of mackerel caught for the six fishing months up to November 1st at all the New England ports, including Boston, are 321,436 against 240,961 last year.

—THE British Board of Trade returns for October show an increase in the value of exports of £2,539,021, and an increase in the value of imports of £3,671,253, as compared with the same month last year.

—ON the 31st of March next a commemorative festival is to be held in Palermo, the 600th anniversary of the Sicilian Vespers. The festival will last three days. Steps are being taken to induce Verdi to go to Palermo on this occasion.

—ADVICES from Mecca to the end of October are to the effect that the number of cases of cholera averaged fifteen daily. As, however, the number of pilgrims in the city was 100,000, this is not considered an alarming rate of sickness.

—DR. HAWKINS, of Nashville, has been making a tour of inspection of the marble and iron interests of East Tennessee. He reports eight marble quarries in operation in Knox County. They ship marble to Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, and other points.

—DR. LORING is endeavoring to get the consent of the exhibitors at Atlanta, for the transferring to the National Museum at Washington of the splendid collections of minerals and wood specimens now on exhibition by the several Southern railroad companies.

—A SPECIAL session of the Louisiana Legislature will convene on December 5th. The subjects of legislation are to make appropriations for support of the Government for the years 1882 and 1883, to provide for the annual revenue of the State, etc. The session is limited to twenty days.

—THE Dutch Government is already preparing for the International Colonial Exhibition to be held at Amsterdam from May to October, 1883. No country but Spain now squeezes a handsome revenue out of its colonies except Holland. The Malays in Java are practically almost slaves still.

—A NATIONAL Convention of Commercial Travelers will be held at the Atlanta Exposition on "Drummers' Day," November 30th. A Firemen's Convention will be held on "Firemen's Day," November 28th. On December 8th there will be a convention of Mayors and ex-Mayors of the different cities of the United States and Canada.

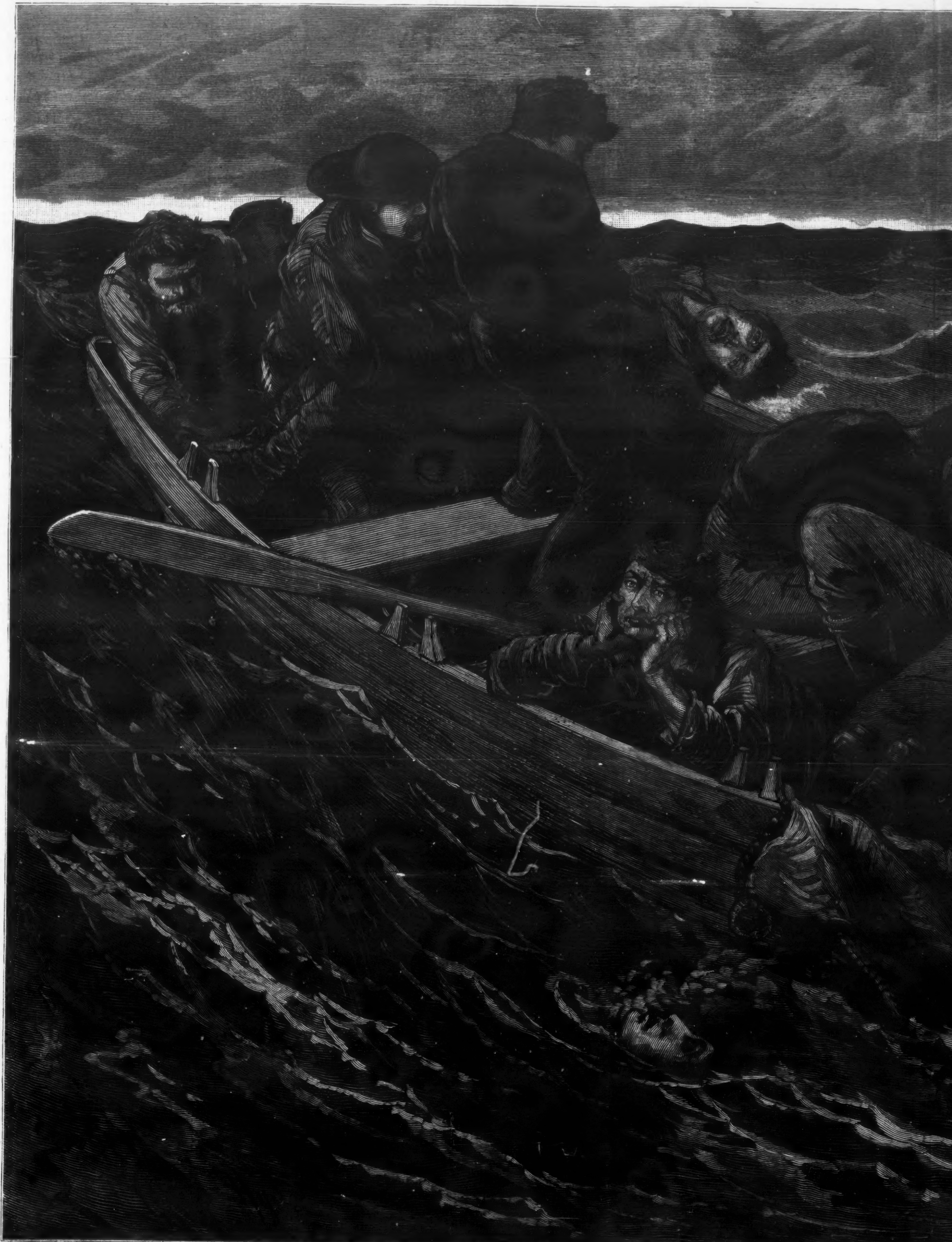
—ADVICES from Cape Coast Castle, dated October 16th, state that information has been received there that the King of Ashantee has killed 200 young girls for the purpose of using their blood for mixing mortar for the repair of one of the state buildings. The report of the massacre was received from a refugee who was to have been one of the victims.

—THE State Capitol at Austin, Texas, was destroyed by an incendiary fire on the 9th instant. The majority of the State archives were saved, but the battle flags of the old republic, the seals of foreign nations and the library were destroyed, together with the monument commemorating the massacre of the Alamo, which stood in the portico of the building.

—A TELEGRAM from missionary sources at Hong Kong, China, states that a terrible typhoon has just ravaged western Tonquin. Two hundred churches, thirty-four parsonages and colleges, and 2,000 houses have been destroyed. Six thousand Christians have been ruined, and are without resources. The losses are immense, and the distress is terrible. The telegram begs for the promptest help.

—A WOMAN's hospital has been opened at Tientsin, China, with imposing ceremonies. Miss Howard, the American missionary lady, who was instrumental in the care of Lady Li, wife of the Viceroy, when her life was despaired of by all of her Chinese medical attendants last year, is in charge. The hospital just established in Tientsin, and another in Peking, are solely due to the influence of Miss Howard. Foreign medicines in China are now in consequence in great favor.

—THE Government estimates for the next fiscal year will considerably exceed those of the present year. The War Department calls for \$2,000,000 more, mainly on account of the increase of the prices of supplies of various kinds. This advance in the markets will also affect the naval and the Indian estimates. The Interior Department will ask for \$100,000,000 for pensions alone, which is about one-third of the total revenues of the Government. About \$65,000,000 of this are on account of arrears of pensions.



PERILS OF THE SEA.—THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF THE CREW OF THE WRECKED WHALING SHIP



FISHING SCHOONER "DELIA HODGKINS," IN A STORM OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS.—SEE PAGE 219.

A CLOUDED NAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORIE'S TRIALS."

CHAPTER XIV.

FLORINE'S clever little head was clear, fortunately, when mademoiselle's was bewildered with grief and burning with fever. The morning sun poured in upon the waiting-maid's watch, and found her fresh, alert, and well-plumed as a little lark. She tripped downstairs, and, exercising her fascinations upon the head waiter, soon tripped up again with a cup of tea and two or three tempting little "breads" of various shapes and sizes. Having waited to see her young lady swallow the tea and break a few mouthfuls of roll, she turned the key in the lock, pocketed the key, and tripped downstairs again, this time apparently with no other object—coquette that she was—than that of sunning herself on the hotel veranda in full view of monsieur the English courier, whose devotion to Mademoiselle Florine was so well known at the maids' table, and who, perhaps, deserved some of the credit gained by the little *soubrette* for her progress in the English language. Monsieur George Brown was not slow in responding to the invitation of mademoiselle's eloquent black eyes; and Adolphe, the head waiter, waxing furious, neglected his proper functions and retarded the arrangements for the first breakfast as he watched the flirtation on the veranda.

The interview lasted a long time. But then the view from that point was magnificent, and the rosy morning lights flashing over the face of the majestic snow mountains and deepening the purple shadows of the pine-woods were superb. And the morning air was good for the complexion, as was plain to be seen when Mademoiselle Florine passed through the *salon à manger* with her soft brown cheeks blooming like carnations and her smiling lips red as pomegranate-buds. She was so radiant, so charming—all from the morning air, no doubt—that the unhappy Adolphe forgot his savage oath to forget her to scorn her before all the hotel, and groveled metaphorically before her pretty feet as much her slave as ever.

"Mademoiselle is indisposed," Mademoiselle has *migraïne*. She rests herself still. She will remain in her room to-day," the lady's maid announced to Madame de Rougemont an hour or so later.

"How provoking, when the excursion to the Bernina is all settled and the weather is so superb," madame exclaimed. Then second thoughts came to her, and she consoed herself. "Perhaps it is as well. After a few hours of rest and reflection she will be safer. I can make her excuses, and a little agitation is so natural under the circumstances, and so becoming!" thought the woman of the world.

So Madame de Rougemont and Monsieur de Grandvilliers drove to the Bernina *tête-à-tête*, and had the fullest opportunity for confidential conversation. Monsieur accepted madame's account of Mademoiselle Verney's *migraïne* with concern. It is true, but apparently without suspicion. He was in the gayest spirits: by his graceful manner and agreeable conversation he charmed the party who met at the little inn on the top of the pass for luncheon.

"Is this a man to be refused by an ignorant chit of a girl who does not know what she is throwing away?" madame exclaimed to herself. "But she shall not refuse him. I will take care of that."

The *table d'hôte* dinner-bell had already sounded when the excursionists arrived at their hotel.

"Mademoiselle has not risen," Florine said to madame, as she made her hasty toilet.

Madame stopped for an instant on the threshold of Estelle's room, saw a face burning with feverish brightness sunk amongst the white pillows of the bed, and hurried down to her meal, too hungry from the keen mountain air to be either angry or sympathetic.

"Mademoiselle is still suffering?" Monsieur de Grandvilliers asked, seeing madame pass to her place alone.

"Yes a little fever," madame explained. "She needs only quiet and a night's rest. She is of a sensitive, susceptible temperament, and cannot bear agitation."

Monsieur de Grandvilliers bowed with a flattered smile at the implied cause for special agitation. The two understood each other.

There was a concert of Tyrolean minstrels in the *salon* that evening, and madame was too well amused to find her way to Estelle's room. When at last she mounted the wooden stairs yawning and weary, she was scarcely inclined to go out of her way to visit her niece at that late hour.

"She will be asleep, no doubt," she persuaded herself, shrinking, if the truth be told, from any chance of renewing the contest of last night. "It is better not to disturb her."

She contented herself with learning from Florine that mademoiselle had all she required, that she was still very feverish, very indisposed, and, in the opinion of Florine, would scarcely be able to leave her room the next day. Florine had administered *tisanes*, and mademoiselle had begged that she might be left undisturbed until she called for her in the morning.

So madame, half asleep, made her mind easy as to all responsibility in the matter and retired to her couch. She slept so soundly that she did not hear the great lumbering diligence draw up, according to its custom, at the door of the hotel just beneath her window, as early as five o'clock in the morning. The diligence halted to receive the mails—for the hotel was the *poste*—and such passengers and parcels as might be waiting to proceed over the passes to Coire, and thence by railway to their various destinations.

Madame, sleeping the sleep of the just, was quite unconscious of the little bustle and commotion which this event made in the hotel,

where Adolphe was astir and the landlord-postmaster was delivering up the sealed bags, and the English courier, bound for London, was bidding a tender farewell to Florine behind the door leading from the hall to the *salon*.

The little *soubrette* was a shade paler than she had been in the last early morning, and her quick eyes searched the shadows nervously—probably in fear of Adolphe's jealous rage. She had wrapped a crimson fleecy shawl round her head, for the morning air was icy chill, and she shivered as Monsieur George Brown whispered in her ear. No doubt she felt the parting from her English lover, and knew how uncertain such partings were. Had she not had experience of the traditional perfidy of Albion? Adolphe, with livid cheeks and gleaming eyes, dashed past the pair and hid himself from sight in some secret recess where his soul would not be torn by the view of favors bestowed on his rival. Then Florine, wrapping her shawl closer about her head, came forward and mixed with the group of passengers, helpers, and officials who were engaged in speeding the diligence. It was a busy, confused scene for a few minutes; then all were settled in their places. Florine's head and half of her trim little figure emerged from the shadow of the *interieur*, where perhaps she had permitted a parting embrace from Monsieur Brown—who knows?—and, drawing back into the shelter of the doorway, she kissed her fingers rather demonstratively to the departing vehicle as it rolled cumbrously away.

Florine returning quietly up stairs, encountered Monsieur Armand. Monsieur de Grandvilliers's valet, who bowed low, in a tolerably successful imitation of his master's grand air.

"Mademoiselle is early this morning," remarked the great man's great man.

"Yes," answered Florine, shrugging her shoulders. "I had a packet to expedite by the diligence, and one cannot trust these stupid heads of waiters."

"Some commission perhaps for Paris?" Monsieur Armand inquired, gallantly.

"Exactly. A box for madame's *modiste*," Florine admitted.

"Ah, what a pity!" deplored the valet. "Mademoiselle might have been spared disturbing herself."

If Monsieur Armand had only known! He was proceeding himself to Paris within the hour, and it would have given him the sincerest pleasure to undertake any commission for mademoiselle.

Mademoiselle thanked him graciously; she regretted that she had not known to avail herself of monsieur's kindness. But how, then, did not monsieur travel by the diligence which had just left?

"Ah, no! Monsieur le Duc had ordered post horses; he traveled quickly. They would pass the diligence on the route."

"Monsieur le Duc?" Florine eyes opened wide. "Was Monsieur le Duc leaving the Engadine?"

Certainly: within the hour. He had received important telegrams late last night; he must hasten to Paris. Even now Monsieur Armand was leaving letters from his master to Madame de Rougemont, in the charge of the secretary. Would mademoiselle perhaps charge herself with them? It would be more direct; and Monsieur Armand would now make his *adieu* in the hope of meeting again in Paris.

Monsieur Armand made his bow again, and Florine found her way to her own room and sat down gasping for breath. Monsieur le Duc was *en voyage*; he was on the track of the diligence! He would overtake it. "Ah-h-h!" and poor Florine shivered. "What might not happen?" What malicious *contre-temps* was this? Had Fate outwitted clever Florine, or was it Monsieur le Duc himself who had been so much more clever than two poor women? Florine longed passionately for the wings of a bird that she might fly after that unfortunate tortoise of a diligence and whisper—what? Something in the ear of Monsieur George Brown, no doubt!

(Overwhelmed at the possible catastrophe she saw impending, crushed at the thought of her own impotence, the impetuous little Frenchwoman burst into passionate despairing tears, beating her hands and appealing to heaven in her terror and her misery as she paced up and down the uncarpeted floor.)

Adolphe, listening with his ear at the key-hole, ground his teeth and clinched his hands. "She weeps for him, she loves him!" he exclaimed. "Saints in heaven, how she loves! How she weeps! She has, then, a heart—and for him!"

Madame de Rougemont slept late that morning. It was nearly midday when she summoned Florine and asked her for her morning cup of chocolate. Florine was perhaps a little pale, but brisk and alert as usual, when she brought madame's dainty little tray, with Monsieur de Grandvilliers's coroneted envelope laid upon it. Madame opened it at once; Florine, standing back in the shadow, with her hand upon her beating heart, watched her anxiously. Not a muscle of madame's face betrayed her astonishment; perhaps she felt those watching eyes upon her.

"Madame will wear the serge dress again?" asked the maid, presently.

"No; the excursion to the glacier is put off; Monsieur de Grandvilliers has left. I shall drive to San Moritz after luncheon; my cashmere will be warm enough. Who else has left this morning?"—carelessly, whilst she broke her roll into her chocolate.

"Who else?" stammered Florine. "I—that is, madame the English courier has left and one or two of the servants, an English maid, and—"

"Tut! I did not mean servants," madame interrupted, haughtily; "although I am not sorry, Florine, to hear that that Englishman has gone. I observed him following you more than I approved of. No doubt his departure is of importance to you. I mean, has any other French gentleman left?"

"Yes, madame, the gentleman who is decorated—he with the white hair and mustache. I am told that he traveled with Monsieur le Duc."

"Good!" said madame, to herself, with a long-drawn breath of relief. "He also is one of the Left. Then it is true: a political crisis is expected, and the duke has been urgently summoned to Versailles. And by the time he returns, Estelle will have come to her senses."

Then she remembered Estelle's indisposition, and inquired for her. What did madame's questions mean? But just now Florine had thought—And now madame's tone was natural. If she were *ruée*—and madame was very profound—Florine would not be caught.

Mademoiselle had slept badly; the noise of the hotel distracted her. She had begged to remove to the *dépendance* over the way, which was quieter, there being no sounds of carriages and of diligences to disturb her. Florine's big, innocent eyes were fixed on madame at this point. Monsieur, the proprietor, had a room vacant in the other house this morning, and mademoiselle had removed to it without waiting to consult madame, because—*ma foi!*—the rooms were so soon snapped up now in the full season, and madame was sleeping. Now that she was more quiet, mademoiselle's headache would soon cure itself.

Madame was quite content: she could afford to humor Estelle in all these little matters, such as a change of room; and now that Monsieur de Grandvilliers had gone, it really did not matter. Estelle might stay in bed for a week, if it pleased her.

So madame drove to San Moritz with an agreeable French lady who was staying at the hotel, and contented herself with sending messages and an especial *lauf* on from the dinner-table over to Estelle when she did not appear at the table. It was scarcely to be expected that madame should walk across in her evening dress and in the rain, which had come down heavily all at once, to visit the patient herself, even dismissing the little suspicion that Estelle had purposely put herself out of the way of such visits.

"And Florine was so attentive," madame concluded, as the final salve to her conscience: "there was really no need for her to interfere."

Still there was a limit to everything. Estelle must really be persuaded to rouse herself now on the third day. Madame could not continue to make excuses for her non-appearance, and the headache was quite exhausted. Madame made up her mind to penetrate to the *dépendance* as soon as she was dressed on the following morning, and she told Florine so when the maid appeared with her late breakfast.

Florine almost dropped the tray she was bringing in—her hands trembled so much; she set it down safely, however, and then burst into tears.

"Good heavens! what is the matter, Florine?" cried madame, astonished, and a little alarmed.

Florine sobbed incoherently.

"Mademoiselle," she repeated. "Mademoiselle Estelle!"

"What of her?" cried madame, seized by a sudden terror. Was the girl seriously ill after all? And she had not seen her for two days! What would Monsieur le Duc say? "Speak, Florine!" she commanded, imperatively.

"She—she is gone!" sobbed Florine. "She is not there—in her room; even her baggage has departed."

"Gone," echoed madame, in blank dismay: "gone! What on earth do you mean?"

"The room is empty: mademoiselle must have taken the diligence of last night, or perhaps this morning!" wept Florine, covering a great deal of conscious triumph and a little spasm of fear with those convenient tears.

"The girl is mad!" was all madame said, as she fell back, pale and gasping, amongst her pillows.

CHAPTER XV.

THE *Siren* yacht floated into Fishport harbor at a little past six o'clock in the evening to a drenched pier, a wind-swept promenade and that general air of dilapidation and lifelessness which succeeds the wild uproar of a great storm at a watering-place. Three or four adventurous loungers, in closely-buttoned-up pilot-coats and waterproof-hats, watched the little vessel as she came coasting gracefully over the still heaving water towards the landing steps. In her loosely flapping sail and her wet untidy deck there was the same indefinable air of languid reaction after excitement which marked the deserted strand of Fishport, in strong contrast to the coquettish mien of the smart little craft which had danced so gayly out to sea, preening herself like a white-plumaged bird in the sunshine a few hours before. Scarcely however had the dejected-looking little vessel crept alongside the landing-place before signs of life and activity appeared on board. A sun-browned stalwart young gentleman sprang up the cabin-stairs: jumped on to the pier, and, throwing a half crown to a lazing sailor, bade him, with military peremptoriness, bring the nearest doctor instantly.

"Another half-crown for you if he is here in ten minutes!" he called, as the man turned to speed on his message.

A little ripple of interest and curiosity stirred the half-dozen bystanders.

"An accident," said one, scanning the yacht curiously as the young gentleman disappeared down the companion. "See, she has lost one of her spars!"

"Somebody got a hard knock, probably, in the scrimmage."

"Or a lady suffering from sea sickness," suggested his companion. "There are ladies on board, evidently."

"Here's the doctor," said the first speaker, looking at his watch as the surgeon stepped

briskly along the pier. "The fellow has earned his second half-crown, then—lucky chap."

The crew—only three hands in all—were moving in a leisurely way about the deck: the owner and the passengers, if any there were—were all below and invisible. Geordie Armstrong, a closely-curved head and bronzed face appeared for an instant on the cabin stairs as the doctor stepped on board, and he beckoned him down below. That was all that happened for another quarter of an hour or more. In the meantime the little group of idle onlookers swelled into quite a respectable crowd, and assumed an expectant attitude. Something had happened, or was going to happen, and events were rare at Fishport, even in the season.

The honest tars, ignoring, with admirable British *hlegn*, the curiosity of the sight-seers, went gravely and stolidly about their business of coiling up ropes and making all taut, scarcely vouchsafing a glance shorewards meanwhile. Presently a whistle summoned one of the men.

"Send the fellow for a carriage. Tell him to bring it as close as he can," was the order distinctly heard on the pier.

"Then it is an accident," remarked the gentleman who had previously made the suggestion.

Five minutes more, and the patience of the onlookers was rewarded. An interesting procession filed up from the cabin and mounted the slippery wooden steps to the pier. First came the young gentleman who had already appeared, bearing on his arm—or rather half-carrying—a young lady. Her cheek was white with a deadly pallor, which told of some great shock or terror, and the large dark eyes which looked straight before her with a fixed, unseeing gaze, told the same story. It seemed as if she had just now gathered up all the sense and strength left to her for the effort of moving, supported as she was, to the waiting carriage.

A strange thing happened as she crossed the deck to the steps. The sailor-crew, standing together, doffed their caps with a simultaneous impulse and stood bareheaded, looking after the pallid face with a solemn reverence, very curious and touching to behold. It might have been the tribute rendered to the drowned body of a brave comrade, or the homage paid to a deed of heroism which appealed especially to their sympathies.

So deep was the interest excited by the young lady, that the rest of the party leaving the yacht attracted little notice. A stout, middle-aged lady, leaning on the doctor's arm, was the next in order, and she was followed by a tall, fair young man, who shivered in his unsailorlike ulster.

This last stopped to speak to the sailors. He even grasped the senior tar by the hand and shook it warmly.

"It was a plucky leap of yours, Marston," he said. "It would have been all over with me if it hadn't been for you."

"Me, sir?" exclaimed the man. "It 'ud a' been all over with us both, I reckon, if it hadn't a' been for the young lady. Lor, sir, how she held on! Nigh drowned too, as she was, who'd a' thout there was such a grip in them little white hands! Blessed if I never see such a thing afore, sir—never!"

A low growl of assent from his shipmates followed.

"When I looked up and see'd how the rope 'ad slipped out o' the captain's hands, I gave us both up," continued the old salt. "You was about done, sir; and how could I swim with you to hold up and such a sea? No, it's I avy Jones's locker for me, I ses. I knew it 'ud come to that some day or 'nother: and here it is, sure enough!" Then, the next thing I knew, the *Siren* was alongside. 'She's running us down,' I thought; 'it's all over.' And then I thought, 'P'raps they'll throw us another rope; and sure enough, there it was, and she holding on like grim death at the other end, with her blessed face as white as moonlight! I didn't think much of our chance, though, when I see 'twas only a young lady; and I cussed them lubbers—may I be forgiven, at such a time! But she held on, she did—lor bless her!—and so did I, and the cap'en he gave a hand to the rope at last, and so they hauled us up. But it's the young lady you've got to thank for your life, sir, and no one else."

The young fellow's pale cheek flushed as he turned away without another word passed slowly up the green, slimy steps, and slipped quickly through the little throng, following his party to the Royal Hotel.

"Christie never fainted before in her life," Lady Armstrong was saying, with a startled bewildered look all round, and for the third or fourth time, when Tempest entered the private sitting-room in which they were already settled. "I never knew her to faint before."

"She never had such a good excuse," Geordie answered. "Now, mother, sit down and make up your mind to it. You have been longer than usual taking in the idea. What is to be our next move? I suggest dinner. What do you say?"

"Yes, dinner, certainly. And by that time Christie will be sufficiently recovered to go home," asserted Lady Armstrong, glancing uneasily over at Christie, white and languid, leaning back on the couch at the far end of the room. She was so unused to see Christie helplessly submitting to be cared for by others that the fact was still almost beyond her comprehension.

Tempest heard Lady Armstrong's words—"Christie never fainted before in her life"—as he walked straight in and up to the woman who had saved his life, his cheek flushing, his heart on fire, fervent words of gratitude burning on his lips.

She lay back white and drooping as a gathered lily, her wan cheek showing more wan against the crimson cushions, signs of weakness and suffering in her whole attitude and aspect which startled and moved him infinitely. It was another Christie—or, rather,

another phase of the same Christal—softer, more tender, sweeter than he had ever known her. As he stood before her, something in the shy, timid glance which dropped before his, arrested the words he was prepared to pour out, and infected him with a similar consciousness. It was a dangerous moment. He stood and took her hand, stammering with a sudden confusion as he bent over it.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaimed then, shocked to see how the fair white hand was bruised and frayed by the cruel strain it had borne. "Good Heaven! Miss Melville—Christal! I—"

She drew away the wounded palm, covering it quickly, and with a little nervous smile.

"It is nothing," she said, with quivering lips.

"Wet swabs," suggested Georgie Armstrong's robust voice, breaking in upon the threatened crisis with matter-of-fact abruptness. "Mother, your handkerchief—Christie, yours. There!"—emptying the water carafe from the sideboard on the soft cambric. "Let me bind them up, Christie. I have experience in that sort of thing—personal experience."

But it was Mervyn who performed that office, putting Georgie aside with a quiet assertion of superior right which brought the faintest dawn of color over Christal's white cheek and caused the languid pulse to flutter beneath his touch.

The came dinner, when Georgie's spirits, rampant at the rebound, jarred upon the other two upon whom a certain subduing consciousness had fallen, and when Lady Armstrong behaved with admirable discretion, ignoring whatever was unusual in the atmosphere of the occasion, and leaving the Siren and her adventures scrupulously out of the conversation. It was only to Georgie, in the security of a tête-à-tête on the way back to Wintlesholme, that she said:

"It's the last time I shall ever trust myself on board your yacht. I never had such a fright in my life. And, as for Christie—"

"Ye gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease, Ye little know the dangers of those who tempt the seas,"

quoted Georgie, still under the elation of a stirring adventure happily concluded. "All's well that ends well. I'm sorry you were frightened, mother; but, as for Christie"—repeating Lady Armstrong's words—"well, she has had an opportunity of distinguishing herself, and that is a good deal. By George, it was a close shave! I always knew Christie would come out strong if she had the opportunity."

"Ah," responded his mother, shaking her head solemnly, we haven't seen the end of it yet!"

"The end!" retorted Georgie. "Why, according to the story-books, the end ought to be—"

Then he checked himself suddenly. That end the end which developed itself before him as he spoke—was not exactly to his mind, after all. He was not sure that he would like it when it came to the point. There is a "dog-in-the-manerish" instinct about most men which prevents their cordially acquiescing in another man's appropriation of a charming woman—under their very eyes, too.

What was it which kept Tempest Mervyn awake and restless that evening long after the rest of the party—even stalwart Georgie—had retired, worn out, to their beds? Tempest remained leaning over the balcony opening out from the deserted drawing-room, looking down to where a golden glitter from the lighted windows of the hotel struggled with the silver radiance of moonlight on the water. He was combating a tender memory which rose like a surging wave between him and a newer, nearer interest—he was trying in vain to turn away from a fair young face, Hebe-like in its freshness and loveliness, which would appear all unbidden by the side of a pale figure, with luminous eyes, filling all the foreground of his thoughts.

"Tush!" he cried, at last, pitching his half-smoked cigar into a wave as it broke upon the beach below. "I am a fool. But I must lay this ghost first. I will go to Paris to-morrow. A fool for my pains," he added, bitterly. "The Frenchman was right who said that, in a real passion there is always one ill-treated. At least," with a glance at a window above his head, as he turned to go in, "she does not deserve to be that one."

She had rescued his life doubly; she had given him back faith and hope and the courage to lift his head and live: she had been true to him, in the highest and noblest sense of the word, by teaching him to be true to himself. And he was not ungrateful.

This was what he said to himself: and, as he said it, the golden-burning lights vanished and the pale moon shone alone over the heaving waters. He groped his way through the dim, sleeping house up to his own room with a chill sense that warmth and light had gone out of his life for ever.

(To be continued.)

TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A WHALING CREW.

A REMARKABLE story of shipwreck and suffering by a whaling crew is told by the captain of the schooner *Delia Hodgkins*, which, with a crew of fifteen men, sailed from New London, Conn., for East Greenland, on May last, and after moderate success in obtaining oil, set sail for home October 15th. Fair weather and favorable winds were experienced for a week. Then, off the Massachusetts coast, the vessel encountered a heavy fog on the morning of November 4th. This was in the immediate vicinity of Pollock's Rip lightship, probably at a distance of three and a half or four miles. About eight o'clock, while it was so thick as to be impossible to distinguish the approach of any storm, a heavy gale suddenly struck the schooner forward and capsized her. All the men, sixteen in number, went overboard, but all succeeded in climbing up the ship's side and into the clear rigging. There they remained clinging for life until the fury of the storm abated. When the schooner

capsized, the small-boat was carried with it, and was now under the rigging. By much hard work it was lighted and disengaged from the overhanging sails and spars, and the holes which had been stove by the capsizing stopped as effectually as possible.

Then the sixteen men took passage in this frail craft and headed for the lightship, the faint twinkling of the distant beacon serving them for chart and compass. For some time slight headway in the desired direction was made, the boat meanwhile being kept from foundering by continuous bailing. The wind then suddenly veered to north-northwest and blew dead against the sturdy oarsmen. They continued pulling with all their strength, however, until night, scarcely maintaining their position. Then, one by one, the men laid down their oars and dropped back upon the seats in despair, expecting every minute to be thrown out. All through the night the captain bailed unceasingly, with the assistance of one or two others. Most of the men lost their reason on account of the intense physical and mental strain. They muttered in delirium, moved uneasily about, and wildly clutched the air or fastened with the grasp of maniacs upon the gunwales. About midnight the first one died from exhaustion and exposure, and later three others expired. As they died they were thrown overboard and floated away. With the dawn of the morning another man died, the body sharing the same fate as the other four. Now the wind had subsided somewhat, the waves had gone down and the sight of a vessel in the offing nerved the survivors to renewed exertions, and they again took to their oars and attempted to attract the attention of the men on board the schooner. Their efforts were fruitless, however. They had drifted so far during the night that it was impossible to descry the lightship, and their only hope was to be able to run across the track of a passing vessel. They continued to take turns at the oars all day, pulling feebly towards the coast.

About nine o'clock in the evening Cumberland light was seen, and soon afterwards several ships were sighted. At this time a sail, made from a piece of canvas which had been cut from the mainsail after the schooner capsized, was raised. A good breeze having sprung up from the southeast helped the progress of the tiny craft, and soon the men succeeded in forelaying one of the vessels passing up and down the beach. She was hailed and the suffering men taken aboard and properly cared for. The rescuing vessel was the schooner *James Ford*, of Boston, Captain Fisk, from Boston, bound westward for coal. The men were conveyed to Morrisport, Mass. The hands and feet of several of them were badly swollen.

The story affords a painful illustration of the perils to which our hardy seamen expose themselves in the pursuit of their calling.

THE WINTER FLIGHT OF THE SWALLOWS.

THE swallow is one of the best known, and, therefore, most interesting of migratory birds. Excepting when kept in confinement this bird knows neither the extreme of hot nor cold weather. As soon as the cold weather approaches he migrates with his family to a warmer climate, and again to the northward when the temperature of its second home becomes inconvenient to its sensitive existence. In England, as a general fact, the swallow does not arrive until the second week in April, and takes his departure about the middle of September.

Before the time of their flight they assemble in vast numbers in a comfortable locality, and are seen chattering very eagerly, as if holding a huge convention for the settlement of affairs before starting on their long journey. Although starting off together they do not remain so, preferring to separate into innumerable groups, like families or tribes, and sometimes making the long transit in companies of two, three or five.

While being remarkable for the power and speed of their flight, they become fatigued in passing the sea, and will flock in great numbers upon the rigging of a ship passing their course for a rest. Sometimes the birds are so utterly worn out with fatigue that when they have perched upon the side of a boat they are unable to take a sin to the wing, and, if disturbed, can scarcely fly from one end of the boat to the other. They have even been seen to settle upon the surface of the waves, and to lie with outspread wings until they were able to resume their journey.

Guided by some wonderful instinct, the swallow always finds its way back to the nest which it had made, or in which it had been reared, as has frequently been proved by affixing certain marks to individual birds and watching for their return. Sometimes it happens that the house on which they had built has been taken down during their "season abroad," and in that case they exhibit a most pitiable distress, flying to and fro over the spot in vain search after their familiar domiciles, and, filling the air with a mournful cry, announce to their friends that they have been dispossessed or evicted in the interest of local improvement. The swallow is widely spread over various parts of the world, being familiarly known throughout the whole of Europe, not excepting Norway and Sweden, and the northern portions of the continent.

Railway Traveling in Russia.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times says: "If there is a country in the world for whose special benefit railways may be said to have been invented, that country is decidedly Russia. From St. Petersburg to Moscow the distance is 604 versts, or 403 English miles, and the night train travels over it in fifteen hours, or at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour, not reckoning stoppages, which is considered fair average speed on the Continent. In posting times all that horseflesh, by the most strenuous efforts, had been made to achieve the conveyance of the imperial mails between the two cities in five days and five nights, or 120 hours, the rate being three and one-half miles hourly. The gain in time was, perhaps, greater in this than in any other country; but in no country has that speed, which is after all the only real advantage of railway traveling, been less counteracted by its undeniable drawbacks. In England, for instance, the railways have robbed us of all the charms of the road—the shady park, the breezy common, the crowding villagers, the chaff of driver and hostler, the ingle nook at the wayside inn, the foaming ale of the stirrup-cup; in France and Italy, of the sight of the hundred minor towns, with their cathedrals and town halls in the market place, the luscious fruits, the lively faces, the quaint costumes which enlivened us at every stage. We traveled then through the life of the country. All we enjoy now is the blank, dead wall of the station, the thronged platform, the piles of luggage, the engine shriek, the stale sandwich, the hurly-burly, the sour look of fellow-passengers more thankful for our room than our company, and from station to station two hours prison, boxed up, locked up at the guard's discretion, the express tearing away deaf to our sufferings or dangers, cooped up with bears or bores, and with the chance of falling in with a Muller or Lefroy. In Russia alone railway traveling may be said to have been all gain and no loss. There is no line in either hemisphere that comes up to the comforts and luxuries of the Moscow and St. Petersburg line; roomy and lofty saloon carriages; a window seat, a foot-rest, a light luggage net for every traveler, a toilet-room at the carriage end; regular halts at convenient intervals, the finest stations, the best supplied and cheapest refreshment-rooms, and lofty,

est, widest, cleanest platforms to stretch one's legs in; and everything everywhere contrived to protect you from winter cold or summer heat—a great improvement, all this, upon the cramped open sledge, with the thermometer thirty degrees below zero, and the cold creeping in and curdling your blood under your fur-coat, cap and boots, the snow and sleet pelting your face, a pack of wolves howling in your rear ready to catch the hindmost, and the motion of the sledge over snow furrows causing you to move up and down in your seat like a log on the waves, with an upset now and then, and many passengers regularly seasick; yet even all these miseries are preferable to summer traveling, with the stifling heat and blinding glare of a twenty-two hours' day, and the dust both stifling and blinding, and the jolting that breaks every bone in your skin."

Exploring Wrangel Land.

THE whaling steamer *Heidecker*, which last week reached San Francisco from the Arctic, brought direct news and a mail from the search steamer *Hodgers*. Lieutenant Berry of the *Hodgers* reports having found Wrangel Land to be an island. He sent a party from the *Hodgers* out in small-boats to explore the land, which they did thoroughly, having gone completely around it. The party also surveyed different parts of Wrangel Island. The *Hodgers*, after having established Wrangel Land to be an island, steamed 120 odd miles north and northwest, in search of further land, but failed to find any. Lieutenant Berry ascended a mountain on Wrangel Island, 2,500 feet high, and from the top saw the sea all around it. The season had been most favorable for exploration, on account of its openness. The *Hodgers* intends to send out a sledge party from Winter quarters to explore the coast of Siberia. She expects to leave Winter quarters next June, and go as far north as possible.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A Large Zoological Station is being constructed in the Parc des Princes, at Passy, near Paris.

It is Proposed to open an International Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace in London in December.

Dr. Sac, of Montevideo, contends that rabies in dogs might be entirely prevented by increasing the number of females and decreasing that of the males.

According to an analysis of Professor Frankland the water of the Holy Well of Zemzem, at Mecca, is sewage more than seven times as rich as the average sewage of London.

At Gnosso, in Crete, Professor Stilman has excavated the remains of what he believes to be the historical labyrinth famous from the story of Theseus and the Minotaur.

At Honolulu a signal station in communication with the United States Meteorological Bureau will be established on the volcano Kilauea, and a series of observations will be taken.

Charles Crocker, President of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, has given to the Academy of Sciences \$20,000 in Southern Pacific 6 per cent. bonds, the interest to be devoted to original scientific investigation on the Pacific Slope.

The Sultan of Zanzibar is liberal where explorers are concerned. On Mr. Joseph Thompson, who is hunting the rivers of his dominions for gold, he has settled \$2,000 a year, while paying all the expenses of the expedition. Thompson is a raw young Scotchman, considerably under thirty, who only a few years ago was a student of geology in the University of Edinburgh.

A Congress of experts has assembled at St. Petersburg to inquire into the evil caused by excessive drinking in Russia. By an overwhelming majority they have advised a diminution in the number of public houses; while they also passed a resolution in favor of vesting in the communal authorities the right of opening liquor shops under regulations to be determined by a sub-committee appointed for this purpose.

The Distinguished Russian Geologist Professor G. de Helmersen has prepared an elaborate report upon the coal-fields of Russia, from which it appears that the annual output of coal in the empire, though larger than it has ever been before, is estimated at only about 2,000,000 tons. The discovery, however, that the mines at Kametkoe, which were only lately declared to be exhausted, are in fact the starting-point of a vast region rich in coal veins and traversed by the Siberian railway, is expected to produce very important results.

The Researches of Mr. Hippius in the palace of Potsdam, with the sanction of the Crown Princess of Germany, have resulted in the discovery of three early Silbermann pianos, which are identified with those on which John Sebastian Bach improvised before Frederick the Great. These are, we learn, all copies of the action invented by the Italian maker Cristoforo—a circumstance which is considered to dispose of Silbermann's claims to the invention of the piano. A piano has also been discovered which is believed to be by Mozart's friend Stein, of Augsburg, between two Schudi harpsichords—one dated 1776, and having solid silver keys.

The arrangements for the festival in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Virchow's appointment as Professor to the Berlin University—an anniversary which coincides with his sixtieth birthday—are now complete. The 19th of November has been fixed for this festival. The most interesting part of the proceedings will be the handing over to Professor Virchow the title-deeds of a new institution to be devoted to the prosecution of scientific researches especially relating to anthropology, of which he will have the full control. As a politician, an anthropologist, and an antiquarian, no less than as a pathologist, Professor Virchow has claims not on Germany alone, but on the whole of civilized humanity.

The Survey of Palestine east of the Jordan is proceeding rapidly under the superintendence of Lieutenant Conder. When he last wrote, several hundreds of miles had been measured with accuracy, and a number of places having more or less modern names were identified as those mentioned under different titles in ancient history. He discovered a great many cromelechs, or flat stones, supported like a table by others set on end. Not less than fifty of these monuments were sketched in three days. Some of them had small chambers near them from three to five feet long and three feet high, excavated in detached cubes of rock ten to fifteen feet on each side. The interest in the work is increasing, and the result cannot fail to be of great archaeological importance.

The Considerable Sum of 12,000 Italian lire is offered by the Royal Academy of Sciences of Turin as a scientific prize during the coming year. This prize, known as the Bressa, in honor of its founder, is to be awarded to the inventor or author, whatever be his nationality, who, during the years included from 1870 to 1882, shall have, according to the judgment of the Academy, made the most important and useful discovery, or published the most valuable work on physical and experimental science, natural history, mathematics, chemistry, physiology and pathology, as also geology, history, geography and statistics. By the conditions of the founder, this prize can in no case be given to any of the national inventors of the Academy of Turin, resident or non-resident.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

THE Sheriff of Mecca has refused to permit Midhat-Pasha to make a pilgrimage to that place.

CHIEF-JUSTICE MOORE, of the Supreme Court of Texas, has been compelled to resign by reason of ill-health.

ADMIRAL MONTEIRO, the ablest military man in Peru, has accepted the Vice-Presidency in the Calderon Government.

ALL the personal effects of the late President Garfield have been removed from the White House to Mentor, Ohio.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL is now entirely helpless. The Ursuline Sisters wheel him about in a chair and feed him with a spoon.

A STATUE of Lord Byron has been unveiled at Missolonghi, where he died. The ceremony was marked by great popular enthusiasm.

SENATOR VEST has just presented to the Missouri Historical Society the original order of General R. E. Lee disbanding the Army of Virginia.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY will succeed General Sir Charles H. Elliot as Adjutant-General of the British Army in April next.

THE oldest United States Senator is Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, who is seventy-one; the youngest is Mr. Aldrich, of Rhode Island, who is forty years old.

MR. GLADSTONE, it is believed, will not retire from public life, despite his assertions, if his health remains good, but he may relinquish the Exchequer while retaining the Premiership.

THE monument to Prince Louis Napoleon, which it was proposed to erect in Westminster Abbey, has been placed in the Bray Chapel, in the nave of St. George's, Windsor. It is a very beautiful piece of sculpture.

VICTOR DRUMMOND, *Chargé d'Affaires* of the British Legation, gave an elegant dinner to the new British Minister at Washington on November 9th. All the principal members of the Diplomatic corps were present.

THE grand cordon of the Order of the Redeemer has been conferred by the King of Greece upon J. Meredith Reed, formerly American Minister at Athens, in recognition of the eminent services he has rendered to Greece.

TWO ladies are announced as having been decorated with the "Imperial" Order of the Star of India. They are the wife of Sir James Fergusson, Governor of Bombay, and the widow of Mr. Adam, lately Governor of Madras.

THE marriage of Dr. Webb to Miss Vanderbilt, the youngest daughter of William H. Vanderbilt, will take place, in the first week in December, in St. Bartholomew's Church, Forty-fourth Street and Madison Avenue, New York City.

THE American Legation in London has received letters from Mrs. Garfield to the Queen, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Thomas Hughes and Mr. Lowell, thanking them for their expressions of sympathy on the occasion of the death of President Garfield.

THE last official act of the late Most Rev. John McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, who died November 7th, at the age of ninety, was to condemn in the most unsparring language the teaching of the doctrine of "no rent" by the Land League, in a sermon on All Saints' Day.

MR. and MRS. MORTON are mentioned as buying for their Paris drawing-room a set of furniture in yellow brocade satin, which was originally made for Queen Christina of Spain. That venerable lady dying before it was finished, it has remained unsold till now, so expensive was it.

A CHICAGO paper reports that Clara Louise Kellogg will, at the conclusion of her present concert engagement, be united in marriage to Mr. Whitney, a wealthy New York gentleman, after which she will leave the stage. The ceremony will, it is stated, occur in Chicago.

EX-PRESIDENT DIAZ was married on November 9th to the Senorita Rubisco at Mexico City. The ceremony was performed by a civil magistrate. The witnesses for General Diaz were President Gonzalez and General Pacheco; for the bride, Ramon G. Guzman and Manuel Saavedra.

MRS. GARFIELD has written a letter to Cyrus W. Field, Esq., in reference to his efforts in raising the "Garfield Fund." She says: "I wish formally to communicate to you, and through you to all who have contributed to it, my thanks for this generous testimonial, as an expression of the high esteem in which my husband was held, and as a tribute to his memory. My children join me in this gratitude and in the desire that as we accept this trust in their father's name, we may be able to use it in a way worthy of him, and satisfactory to those by whom it has been bestowed."

MR. H. J. CROUCH, United States Consul at St. Helena, has received the silver medal of the Royal Humane Society for saving from drowning a woman who had, with a suicidal intention, jumped off the rocks into the sea. With rare presence of mind, Mr. Crouch ran some two hundred yards to a point where a rescue might most successfully be attempted, and, diving himself of a portion of his attire, at once plunged into the sea. The night was very dark, and the locality unknown to Mr. Crouch, who, it is understood, had barely recovered from a recent illness but he struck out well, and, after swimming about forty yards, was rewarded for his exertions by saving the drowning woman.

OBITUARY.—November 5th.—Lieutenant-Commander Arthur H. Wright, U.S.N., Light-house Inspector for the Seventh District, at Key West, Fla., of yellow fever; Very Rev. George H. S. Johnson, M.A., F.R.S., Dean of Wells, the noted mathematician, at London, Eng., aged 73; William Ryle, President of the Board of Trade of Paterson, N. J., and one of the heaviest silk importers in the country, aged 48. November 7th.—The Most Rev. John McHale, D.D., Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, Ireland, a strong Nationalist and supporter of O'Connell, and author of many religious, political and linguistic works, aged 90; Cardinal Giannelli, Archbishop of Sardinia, November 8th.—Hon. Daniel H. Coie, formerly member of the State Assembly and Senate, County Judge and Surrogate, at Albion, N. Y., aged 70; Samuel T. Skidmore, President of the Howard Fire Insurance Company, and for many years a leading drygoods merchant of New York City, aged 80. November 10th.—Rev. Dr. John W. Mears, Professor of Metaphysics in Hamilton College, and founder of the movement against the Oneida Community which led to the abolition of the complex marriage system, at Clinton, N. Y.; Hon. Samuel Ingham, formerly a member of Congress, and for many years prominent in Connecticut State politics, at Hartford, aged 88.—Dr. Joseph Barclay, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Jerusalem, died in that city on the 23d of October. He was graduated with distinction at Trinity College, was an accomplished Orientalist, and a translator of and commentator on the Talmud.—At Paris, the Count of Saint-Prest, godson of Marie Antoinette, formerly Minister to Prussia and Spain, a General in the French army, and last surviving Commander of the Order of St. Louis, aged 92.



SWALLOWS GATHERING FOR THEIR ANNUAL FLIGHT TO THE SOUTH.—SEE PAGE 219.



E. C. KNIGHT, PRESIDENT OF THE BI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.
FROM PHOTO. BY STOKES.—SEE PAGE 222.

**"BOSSISM" REBUKED IN BROOKLYN.
THE NEW MAYOR.**

THE result of the recent election in the City of Brooklyn was in the fullest sense a victory of the people over "machine" practices and methods. For years the Democratic party in that city has been under the control of "Bosses," who have used it for their own purposes, with only incidental regard for the public interests. To some extent the

Republican party has been controlled by the same influences. Wearing at last of their bondage, the better class of citizens, in the late canvass, took matters into their own hands. They nominated Mr. Seth Low for Mayor, compelling the regular Republican candidate to withdraw, and then, with only an impromptu organization, joined issue squarely with the Democratic machine candidate. The result illustrated most emphatically the power of popular sentiment when once thoroughly aroused against the domination of partisan managers. The Democratic State ticket was carried in the county by less than 2,000; the whole Republican county ticket was elected; Mayor Howell, the Democratic candidate, who predicted his own re-election by 8,000 majority, was defeated by Mr. Low, whose majority is about 4,500, and the Republicans gain control of the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Supervisors. A more crushing rebuke was never administered to the "Bosses" of any party or locality; and it cannot be doubted that the most salutary results to the community at large will follow the transfer of power to the hands of men who represent the people, and have no ends to subserve but those affecting the public good.

Mr. Low, the Mayor-elect, was born in Brooklyn in 1850, and is the son of Abbott A. Low, a well-known merchant in Burling Slip. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1876. He then entered business with his father, and has managed the affairs of the firm, in which he is associated with his father, for several years. Mr. Low has taken an active part in Republican politics in Brooklyn, and has been a delegate to the General Committee of Kings County from the First Ward. In all municipal affairs he has shown much interest, and the Bureau of Charities systematizing the benevolence of churches and individuals is

largely due to his efforts. His influence has always been on the side of decency and purity in politics, and he has been a conspicuous advocate of reform in the Civil Service. In the late canvass he refused to make pledges or commitments of any sort beyond a general promise that he would, if elected, use all his influence in furtherance of the public interests without regard to partisan affiliations. That he will keep this promise, those who know him have no doubt whatever.

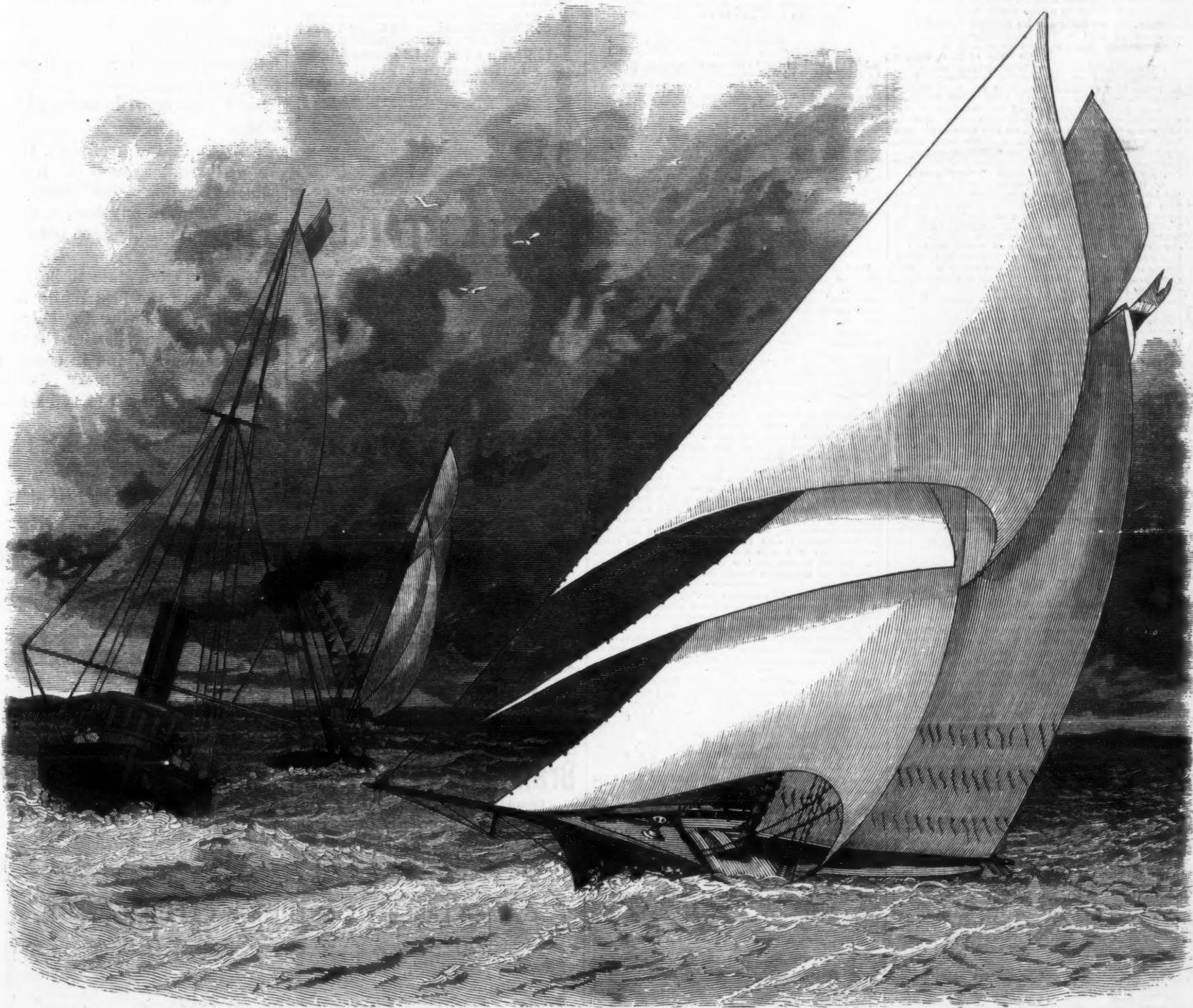
**FIRST RACE
FOR THE
"AMERICA" CUP.**

THE first race in the series of contests for possession of the Queen's Cup, won many years ago by the yacht *America*, now belonging to General Butler, was sailed on Wednesday, November 9th, a large share of interest centering in the Canadian sloop-yacht *Atalanta*, which was built expressly for this contest. The competitors were the *Mischief*, an iron sloop-yacht of the New York Yacht Club, and the *Atalanta*, of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, and the course was the usual one sailed by the New York Club. The racers were accompanied by the schooners *Tidal Wave*, *Norseman* and *Social*, the cutter *Oriea*, the steam-yacht *Ideal*, and about half a dozen other yachts. The steamer *Sirius*, of the Iron Steamboat Company, went over the course, carrying a large number of spectators. At a signal from the judges' boat the yachts crossed the line, the *Mischief* leading the *Atalanta* about a minute. The tide was about at the top of the flood, and the wind blowing in puffs from the west. The *Atalanta* and *Mischief* carried only their mainsails and jibs. The Canadian had a reef in her mainsail. When well outside, the *Atalanta* ran up a sprit top-sail, but afterwards took it in. The distance between the *Mischief* and the *Atalanta* steadily in-



SETH LOW, MAYOR-ELECT OF THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.
FROM A PHOTO. BY KURTZ.

creased, and the *Gracie*, which was testing her speed, steadily overhauled them both. By the time the Southwest Spit was reached it was all up with the *Atalanta*. The wind, which had shifted a little more to the south, was now blowing a good steady breeze, and the yachts were enabled to carry more canvas. They stood out for the Sandy Hook Lightship in good style. The race between the *Gracie* and the *Mischief* furnished most of the excitement, though the struggles of the *Atalanta* with some of the buoys was watched—through a glass—



NEW YORK.—THE CONTEST FOR THE "AMERICA" CUP—THE AMERICAN IRON SLOOP-YACHT "MISCHIEF" WINNING THE FIRST RACE WITH THE CANADIAN SLOOP-YACHT "ATALANTA," NOVEMBER 9TH.

with considerable interest. The *Mischief* rounded Sandy Hook Lightship first, but the *Gracie* gained on her on the run in, and passed her off the Scotland Lightship. From the point of the Hook to Buoy No. 10 was a dead beat to windward, and the *Mischief* passed ahead again. From the southwest ship to the finishing point, however, the *Gracie* took the lead and crossed the line ahead, beating the *Mischief* by 6 min. 27 sec. corrected time. The long-forgotten *A. A.* came up half an hour later.

The time, as taken at various points, is as follows:

	Start.	Buoy No. 10.	Light Ship.	Buoy 10.	Finish.
<i>Mischief</i>	11.14.50	12.33.12	1.23.25	2.47.45	3.31.59
<i>Atlanta</i>	11.15.51	12.45.27	1.38.14	4.4.18 1/2
<i>Gracie</i>	11.23	12.37.02	1.27.19	2.49.10	3.39.46

The *Gracie* was not, of course, in the race though her time was taken. The actual and corrected time of the race was as follows:

	Actual time.	Corrected time.
<i>Mischief</i>	4 h., 17 m., 9 sec.	4 h., 17 m., 9 sec.
<i>Atlanta</i>	4 h., 49 m., 27 1/2 sec.	4 h., 45 m., 39 1/2 sec.

The *Mischief* allowed the *Atlanta* 2 minutes and 45 seconds.

The second race was sailed on the following day, the same yachts competing, and the *Gracie* taking part as before. The result was a second defeat for the Canadian yacht, and the retention of the cup by the American yachtsmen. The following table gives the result of the race:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Mischief</i>	11.58.17	4.53.10	4.54.53	4.54.53
<i>Atlanta</i>	11.58.47	5.35.19	5.36.32	5.33.47
<i>Gracie</i>	12.08.30	5.03.05	4.54.35	4.59.31

The *Mischief*, therefore, wins the race, beating the *Atlanta* 38 m. 54 s. She also beats the *Gracie* on corrected time 4 m. 38 s. Our illustration shows the *Mischief* turning the stake-boat on the first race.

EDWARD C. KNIGHT,

PRESIDENT OF THE BI-CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

EDWARD C. KNIGHT, whose portrait is given on page 221, and who ranks among the foremost citizens of Pennsylvania, was born in Gloucester—now Camden—County, New Jersey, December 8th, 1813. He came of a family intimately associated with the early history of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, his ancestor, Giles Knight, of Gloucestershire, England, having come over in the ship *Welcome*, with William Penn, in 1682, and settled in Byberry. He died in 1728; Mary, his wife, died in 1732. Their son, Thomas Knight, lived in New Jersey. The parents of Edward C. Knight, Jonathan and Rebecca Collings Knight, were members of the Society of Friends, to whose tenets he himself still adheres. At an early age he entered upon a business career, and in 1836 established himself in Philadelphia. His business grew, and in its subsequent changes under the firm of E. C. Knight & Co., combined a wholesale grocery, commission, importing and sugar-refining business. They sent the first steamer that ever plied the waters above Sacramento City in 1849. The business is now principally that of sugar-refining—for which purpose the firm occupies two large houses at Bainbridge Street Wharf, on the Delaware—and that of importing molasses and sugar from Cuba. Recently he has completed an extensive sugar-refinery of large capacity, said to be one of the most complete, in all its appointments, in the country.

Mr. Knight's life has been a busy one, not only in the prosecution of his business, which has brought him large wealth, but in other enterprises, his keen foresight, excellent judgment and great integrity, having brought him into official relations with various financial, commercial and railroad corporations. For a number of years he was a Director of the Pennsylvania Railroad and, while acting in that capacity, he was the active and efficient projector of the American Line of steamships, of which he was subsequently President. He projected and built the Delaware & Bound Brook Railroad, of which he is President, giving largely increased facilities for travel and trade between the two great cities of New York and Philadelphia. He was called to the Presidency of the New Jersey Central Railroad at the time of its embarrassment in 1876, and contributed, by his business tact, skill and means in readjusting the affairs of that corporation. He was formerly President of the Guarantee Trust & Safe Deposit Co. His other business engagements precluding his giving his time exclusively to its management, he resigned, but still retains the Vice-Presidency. As a merchant Mr. Knight stands among the first; as a citizen, he has, from his youth, shown great public spirit, willing to give time and money for the promotion of enterprises for the benefit of the community and in all his relations in life, he is one of the most respected of Philadelphia's prominent men. He was a member of the Convention of 1873 to reform the Constitution of Pennsylvania, and is now President of the Bi-centennial association for the celebration of the two hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Pennsylvania by William Penn, which is to take place in 1882.

BOOK NOTICE.

YOUNG AMERICANS IN JAPAN. By Edward Gréey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1882.

Mr. Gréey is now so well known as the literary bridge between Japan and English-speaking peoples, that any work coming from his pen will be read with eager avidity. In the "Loyal Ronins" the public got a spice of his quality, and the well-merited success of this quaint and interesting book is but an earnest of what the public is prepared to do for a writer at once so cultured and so honest. "The Young Americans in Japan," which, *par excellence*, contains one hundred and seventy-one illustrations, vividly describes the adventures of an American family—more particularly those of the younger members—and a youthful Japanese, who had been educated in the States, in their journeyings through Japan. It is at once a guide-book and a history—a book which no person can lay down after perusal without having learned a great deal concerning the inner life of the inhabitants of the Land of the Rising Sun. Mr. Gréey translates wisely the numerous Japanese words scattered throughout the volume, and his explanations, while profuse, are never in the least degree wearisome—in fact, they are agreeably necessary. The trip through the country is told in so instructive a manner that the reader is receiving a practical lesson in geography, imparted in the vigorous language of one who knows how to tell his tale, and from the landing at Nagasaki to the "Pearl" or end of the book, the interest never flags. Japan is coming nearer to us every day, and we are indebted to Mr. Gréey for a book which tells us so much of a people of whom, alas, we know so little.

"Ah, how well I remember—it was in the bleak November," when I caught the Cold that was wearing me surely and swiftly away; but I heard of Dr. BULL'S CURE STRUT, took it, and am as well as ever.

AN OVERWORKED SCHOOLGIRL.

From one of this large class of sufferers we have the following testimonial:

"From a feeling of gratitude and a desire to benefit others in a like situation, I voluntarily give my experience with the Compound Oxygen Treatment. When I began it I had for more than a year been suffering from nervous prostration; for I belong to a class which increases yearly—viz., overworked school girls. My general improvement for nearly two months after I began the Home Treatment was scarcely perceptible but at the end of that time I began to improve, and now, after eleven months have passed, I can safely say that I have been cured. I sleep and rest well, and am generally in possession of a good appetite, which, *cadaverous* odors are quite unheard of. My throat is cured, and my voice is stronger than ever before. I surprise my friends by my greatly increased physical strength. The fact that I have induced several friends to try this Treatment is an evidence of my faith in its curative power." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

PROFESSOR IN PSYCHOLOGY.—"Can we conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Musical Studies, thoughtfully: "Yes, sir; a poor singer in a chorus."

PARLOR ORGANS AND PIANOS.

IT has become a universally acknowledged fact that nowhere in the known world has the manufacture of Organs and Pianos attained such colossal proportions as in the mammoth factory of the HON. DANIEL F. BEATTY, of Washington, New Jersey. For years Mr. Beatty has devoted his entire energies to producing specialties of beauty, sweetness, power and purity, and that he has succeeded is proven from his enormous sales, which average over one thousand instruments per month. The combination of colossal proportions, immense capital, vast resources, persistent and untiring energy, enables Mr. Beatty to accomplish these unparalleled results and stand before the people of this and other countries as the greatest, largest and most popular Organ and Piano manufacturer in the world. His latest offer, appearing in another column, is the grandest ever made, and is a still further proof of his limitless enterprise. No one of our readers should fail to send for Mr. Beatty's latest Catalogue and order immediately, as such opportunities are seldom presented. Read the whole announcement carefully and order at once.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE IN IMPAIRED DIGESTION.

I HAVE used HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE with success in cases of nervous prostration, wherein the digestion was more or less impaired; especially in those cases characterized by great prostration, with excessive sweating.

E. C. BUELL, M. D.

BABY'S PETITION.

LIFE is restless, days are fleeting, Children bloom, but die in teething; Warning take of friends and mothers, Watch the precious girls and brothers; Read the home life of Victoria, Children nine, all had CASTORIA; No sleepless nights, by baby squalling, Like larks they rise in early morning.

OFFICE OF SCOTT & HALL, Burlington, Kansas, March 10th, 1881.

WE, the undersigned citizens of Burlington, hereby certify that H. W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS ROOFING, put on our new stores last Summer by S. H. Davis, of this place, is perfectly wind and water-tight, as well as fireproof. This was proven on Sunday, the 27th of February last, when the stores adjoining burned, and the flames, being blown by a strong wind directly upon the buildings, had no effect upon the asbestos, even when the woodwork inside the front cornice caught fire and communicated to the sheathing and rafters which burnt out from under the roofing, so that the roofing had to be cut away to put out the fire underneath. If it had not been for the asbestos our buildings would probably have burned, as well as most of the business part of the town.

D. E. SCOTT, J. M. ALLISON, W. W. VOENARD.

WHY delay? You want a ticket—you know you do; and you know you are going to try and get six tickets. You can do it easily if you begin to buy the soap now. Now is the time. If you do not want the soap for immediate use, so much the better; you can put it away, and it will get old and hard, and pay you good interest. "Remember, I love, remember," the tickets cost you nothing; they give them to you as an inducement to buy our soap. You have got to use soap—why not use DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, now and for all time? U help us, and we'll help U by dividing our profits with U—that's fair, ain't it? Read their announcement.

VISITORS to Havana will find the new hotel, the FIFTH AVENUE, recently opened by Zinocle Zaera, a most desirable stopping place. The hotel is most elegantly situated in the central part of the city near the parks and theatres. The furniture and all the appointments throughout the house are of the finest. The rooms are large, with high ceilings and marble floors, and open out on to balconies facing on the two fine avenues Zulueta and Dragones. The ventilation is excellent, and the kitchen is placed at the top of the house. For the convenience of foreigners, interpreters speaking English, French, German and Italian are always at their service, and will also act as guides if so desired. The prices, either on the European or American plan, are as moderate as any other first-class hotel in Havana.

THE pleasure of a stranger in visiting a great city is largely dependent on the hotel where he stops. None can be so unobtrusively recommended as the ST. NICHOLAS. In the very centre of life and business, superbly kept according to the modern idea of a palatial hotel, every attention is exhausted to subserve the enjoyment of the fastidious guest.

FOR THE NEW HORSE DISEASE (Pink Eye) use HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFIC. The Specific A. A. C. C. and H. H. cure every time. A. A. promptly; given without trouble; and is curing hundreds daily. Sold by dealers generally. Single Bottle, full directions, 75 cents each. Case (10 Bottles and 500), \$5. Pamphlets sent free. HUMPHREY'S S. HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 1-9 Fulton St., N. Y.

HALF DOLLAR SAUCE, the great relish of the world for family use. Sold by all grocers.

THE best regulator of the digestive organs, and the best appetizer known, is ANGSTURA BITTERS. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegest & Sons.

"Use Redding's Russia Salve."

If you want a Face Lotion which you can use all your life without injury, use RIKER'S CREAM OF ROSES. Approved by the medical profession. Sold everywhere at 25c.

THE perfection of Punches—HUB PUNCH.

NEARLY all the ills that afflict mankind can be prevented and cured by keeping the stomach, liver and kidneys in perfect working order. There is no medicine known that will do this as quickly and surely, without interfering with your duties, as PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.—Express.

ADELINA PATTI revisits us, her glorious voice at its very richest. She cannot but be glad to find herself in a country where she made a *début* that will ever prove a luminous landmark in the history of song. Thousands would delight to hear her in a song, where her unrivaled acting would lend fresh charm to her superb singing, but this pleasure, apparently, must be deferred. Her concert sparkle with operatic gems of the purest water, with sweet English ballads so refreshing to the ear, so gracious to the heart, and "Home, Sweet Home," coming from a *Div* at this time, bears a sympathetic significance. Madame Patti's concert is a rare *merveille*, and are recognized as such by the best classes of our society.

BECAUSE it adds to personal beauty by restoring color and lustre to gray or faded hair, and is beneficial to the scalp, is why PARKER'S HAIR BALM is such a popular dressing.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shiver by keeping ourselves fortified with pure blood, and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold in this city (1/2 lb. and 1 lb.) labeled.

JAMES EPPS & CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, London, England.

DO SOMETHING & NOTHING. AND BE PAID RESIDES FOR USING THE PUREST, CHEAPEST & MOST ECONOMICAL SOAP IN THE WORLD.

You have got to use Soap, use ours, it costs no more than any other, it is an UNPARALLELED INVESTMENT! BIGGEST INTEREST EVER PAID.

For the purpose of directly introducing this *Unparalleled Soap* to the readers of this paper, it has been decided to make the following unparalleled offer. To GIVE AWAY with each cake of soap a wrapper; every 20 wrappers entitles the holder to a ticket; every 100 tickets entitles the holder to 6 tickets in the GRAND DISTRIBUTION of Presents to be given away June 30th, 1882.

- LIST OF PRESENTS:
- 1 Brick House and Lot, 25x100, in the City of New York.
 - 1 \$1000 4 per cent. U.S. Bond.
 - 1 Team Road Horse.
 - 1 \$500 U. S. Bond.
 - 1 Pony and Village Cart.
 - 1 \$100 Bond.
 - 2 Grand Pianos.
 - 2 Diamond Bracelets.
 - 5 Pairs Diamond Ear-Rings.
 - 10 Diamond Finger-Rings.
 - 50 Gold Watches.
 - 50 Silver Watches.
 - 25 \$20 Gold Pieces.
 - 50 \$10 Gold Pieces.
 - 100 \$5 Gold Pieces.
 - 50 Tea and Dinner Sets, 50
 - 50 Volcanoes. (pieces)
 - 5 Sewing Machines.
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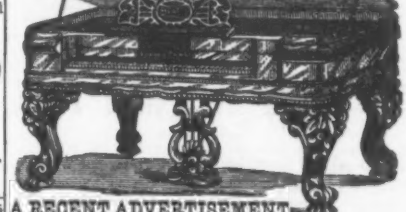
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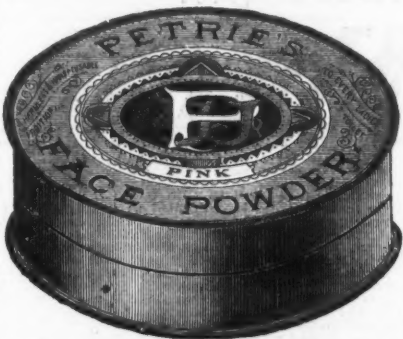
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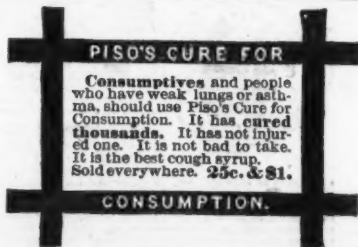
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